

SA



CS

50th REUNION

Class 1962–1963



50th REUNION

Class 1962–1963

Norton W Lazarus stood up to commence his prepared-talk. "I was riding my horse on Blaauberg Beach and"

Doug Brown stopped him.

"No Norton - that was no horse. I was there – it was a donkey'

Norton (indignantly) – "Only a donkey could recognise a donkey"

circa JC 1961

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THE PROGRAMME

Thursday, 21 February 2013 We meet for ice breaker /the first prepaid * event being a spit roast braai at Richard Cooke's home in Constantia. Kick off will be at 5pm for 5.30pm with our wives/partners

Dinner will be served around 7.30pm – 8.00pm giving us ample time to chat and play catch-up

(NOTE one: Vegans will be catered for - just respond by email with heading vegan no later than MID Nov 2012 for us to get an idea of numbers for catering purposes/ or reply via attachment 3).

As evening descends, we will form around the fire and have speeches. Those who wish to speak will be afforded the opportunity of doing so.

We will also have time for “when we” inputs. No closing Time - open-ended

On Friday 22 February 2013, we shall meet at the school at 7.45am to attend the 8am Assembly. We will hand over a gift and then depart for prepaid breakfast. Friday afternoon will be left open for us to do our own thing – some may wish to play golf; others may want to go shopping or will want to visit close friends at home or visit Kirstenbosch.

Buitenverwachting: 12 - 4pm

FRIDAY NIGHT

We will all gather together at 7.00pm for a non-prepaid meal at a restaurant called SALUSHI in Protea Road Claremont.....Thus Salushi is 7 for 7.30pm

Saturday 23 February 2013 : options during the day as follows

1. VISIT TO THE OLD SCHOOL – 8.30am followed by a breakfast at Eurohouse.
2. visit a wine farm
3. play golf – arrange your own game with friends
4. meet at the Cooke residence to chill and continue the catch-up

Saturday night – Dinner at KITIMAS (previously known as Kronendal) in Hout Bay at 7 for 7.30pm .

Sunday 24 February 2013: a prepaid brunch at Suikerbossie.... Commences 10am until noon.

No formal dances. No dinner suits. Smart CASUAL and relaxed.

Maps will be sent to you via email in the days before Thursday 21st February.

Cooke residence – Turn left into PRICE ROAD and drive up to 19 PRICE DRIVE.....Hey – YOU ARE here!

If you have a problem phone and ask.

Howard: 072 062 8511

Ian C: 082 448 8050

Iain B: 083 284 4157

Richard: 083 261 0552

SACS REUNION CELEBRATION

1962/3

This book is a tribute to those who went through school with us without forgetting those guys no longer here. We thank Richard Cooke in particular for his dedication to unwrapping the past. Without his dedication, this book would have lost much of its strength and flavour.

You are directed to the chapter RICHARD COOKE REMEMBERS.

Ed.

THE 2013 REUNION CONSTRUCTION TEAM

- Material** – data received from you the reader was collated by Howard Joffe
That E&OE rule applies.
- Labour** – Richard Cooke took responsibility for the sourcing of photographs and to preparing around 31 tributes to those of our class mates who have passed on.
Make reference to RICHARD COOKE REMEMBERS.
- Overhead** – the accomplished and ever-reliable IAIN BAIN took on the task of treasury, collecting funds and watching our costs.

We thank two other persons who made up this team:

- Debbie Cooke for the making of apple tarts, name tags and mementos
- Ian Centner for his invaluable advice

co editors – H Joffe and R. Cooke

HISTORY

SACS Campus at Hiddingh Hall Orange Street moved to our new campus in Dean Street Newland in 1960.

The 1962 matriculant class were in fact the very first group to move from Hiddingh Hall to become the first standard 6 class at Dean Street.

We claim to be the first students who attended high school in Dean street.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book is dedicated to the memory of all our deceased colleagues. I must make mention of the late Brian Nuttall in particular because he is our most recent death. Brian passed away in October 2012. Brian had requested by email on 5th February 2012 that we inform him once the programme was finalised. He had written to us and I quote " Sorry haven't replied sooner – definitely will participate. Will confirm attendance when programme finalized."

Eight months later and the day after the committee of four had agreed to prune the original programme by cancelling suggestions for a picnic and one or two other suggestions, came the news that Brian had passed away on the 6th October 2012.

It had been my intention to inform Brian first. I did not get the chance.

The message is clear for all of us: Live life in the NOW – ponder not too much about the future.

* * * *

The reunion team are to be thanked for their efforts throughout 2012. These apart from H Joffe are:

- Richard and Debbie Cooke
- Iain Bain
- Ian Centner

Richard offered his home for the spit braai. He took responsibility for the gathering of old photographs and then upgraded these for display purposes. Let us not forget his remarkable retentive memory that shames all.

Richard's wife Debbie must be singled out for being an organiser supreme.

In her inimitable way, Debbie proved to be our secret weapon.

Iain Bain took charge of our finances and did not moan not even on one occasion. Remarkable.

I have nothing decent to say about my printing machine which would not cooperate and lengthened my task by hours. Ed

Thanks must be extended to Ian Centner for his experience as a former reunion mover and shaker.

If you were to identify men to support you in trench warfare, these are the men and woman to have at your side.

Thanks to you all. It was an absolute delight to work alongside you guys and with Debbie.

Truly an experience to remember.

Howard Joffe

6th November 2012

CLASSES OF 1962-63: WHY SO SIGNIFICANT?

Those in this group have had a profound effect on SACS through their long family history with SACS and because of their OWN individual achievements. Many more would have been on this list should they have survived. This is our loss and it is a tragedy of massive proportions

- 1) SACS is now indisputably the oldest school in South Africa (the Muir College claim has fallen away!)
- 2) This is the final class to be at SACS in Town and first in Newlands after the 1960 move, making this an HISTORICAL event.
- 3) There are 3 Yale scholars and 3 RHODES scholars in this group
- 4) There are several Captains of Industry—Home Choice, Bidvest, Cashworths, Bodystat, Grand Bazaars, UK Gusthorpe Champagne farm, Aroma/Rebel Liqueur and Restaurants, Pals clothing, SAGE group, C Ginsberg Rooibos Tea and many more
- 5) 11 of this class entered Medical School and three became Heads of department, not least Irvin Modlin, Professor of Surgery at Yale with 5 External Professorships including Hunterian Professor Royal College of Surgeons, James IV Professor Edinburgh, 500 publications and 16 books.
- 6) Several Professional Engineers, Architects of International standing.
- 7) A significant number of Chartered Accountants who went on to be recognized as movers and shakers in Business.
- 8) Leading Farming families, Marais—Klipdrift, Starke—Muildersvlei, Duckitt--Darling
- 9) Many are sons of SACS 3rd and 4th generation families, Chait, Veater, Cooke, Killops.
- 10) Sons of those involved with the School moving to Montebello and SACS Foundation, Spencer-Smith, Cooke.
- 11) Internationally recognized Film and TV Producer/Director Tailferrer Krige, son of renowned Poet Uys Krige
- 12) Many more in several areas of academic and business expertise, Basil Joffe, Imperial College, leading IT /Systems, Chemical Engineer USA, Adrian Mirvish Professor California.
- 13) Andre Meyerowitz, International Journalist, Editor of Pretoria

News, unbowed political writer in the Apartheid time.

- 14) Raymond Suttner, Lawyer, Activist, jailed for 10 years by Apartheid Government, now Professor to several Universities, Rhodes, Witwatersrand, and ANC MP.
- 15) Several Sportsmen: Rugby: Berry, Weeber and Krige; Cycling: Cooke; Athletics: Chait; Golf: Nuttall; Maccabi Soccer: H Gelbart.
- 16) Peter Berry, who is an expert in ISO training, helped the NYPD when it became apparent after 911 that the next threat to the USA was coming via the food chain.

HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE TO THE REUNION GROUPS OF '62 AND '63

Schools like SACS are endowed with a rich inheritance and much is owed to our Old Boys who sustain and grow this inheritance, as well as the ethos and traditions of South Africa's oldest school. I am always humbled by the love and loyalty that SACS Old Boys have for their alma mater. The reunion groups of 1962 and 1963 are no different as it is an exceptional kind of love and loyalty that brings so many back (from all corners of our country and the world) to SACS, some 50 years on. Gentlemen, to all of you, on behalf of all at the school I welcome you back and trust that wonderful memories are rekindled and that long-lasting friendships continue to blossom and grow as a result of your visit for this reunion. Spectamur Agendo!

KENNETH BALL, HEADMASTER, NOVEMBER 2012

MESSAGE FROM DEPUTY HEAD BOY

TONY SWIL (1962)

I was quite honoured to receive the request to submit a message for the Reunion Book.

The truth is that its not so easy to compose something suitable.

I've had some thoughts which go like this:

"Go to the ant thy sluggard consider her ways and be wise..." is probably remembered by all of us as one of the important values we learned at SACS, however corny it may have sounded every week at Assembly.

50 years ago at the southern tip of Africa we were privileged to be able to attend a great school with

traditions of respect & tolerance, multiculturalism, multi-denominational and non-exclusivity

We rubbed shoulders with young men from a cross-section of society from different parts of Cape Town and further afield: country areas, Namibia, Zimbabwe & Zambia.

High academic standards many diverse cultural & sporting activities: we learned in the debating & music societies and on the playing fields of Rosedale, St Michaels, Leeuwenhof & Newlands as well as the classrooms, from our fellow pupils as well as from dedicated teachers.

We attended SACS at a time of transition: from the hallowed halls of old Orange St to the new neo-classical architectural masterpiece nestling scenically under the Newlands mountain & forest.

What a relief it was to leave the mudbaths & cold showers of Leeuwenhof behind and to enjoy the brand new facilities at Newlands!

Through common bonds forged by attending SACS we have links across the generations with Old Boys before, during & after our days at school.

We can be proud of belonging to classes from which emerged men who are primarily decent human beings and also many who accomplished significantly in their spheres of endeavour.

Many in our class chose to move abroad to “spread the name & swell the fame of the SAC” in USA, GB & Israel: it is important to re-establish contact with them and to learn about the journeys of their lives.

Tony Swil,
Jerusalem
7th November 2012

MESSAGE FROM DEPUTY HEAD BOY MARK DUCKITT (1963)

‘SACS as school has been central to the Darling country Duckitt’s and several other country families since the late 1800’s. We have always been Rosedalians, going home say twice a term only, as opposed to the Namibians and Northern Cape boys, who in many cases enjoyed boarding school even more!

It remains a segment of the SACS family that has recently again received long overdue attention and acknowledgement of value so added– also at Governing body level, and by a country old boy representative.

SACS has always been diverse. Therein lay, and will continue to lie, much of its strength. The current trend to return and strengthening of this and other traditional patronages, is applauded.’

Mark Duckitt
November 2012

ABOUT THE LACK OF MESSAGES HERE FROM THE HEAD BOYS

- **Ian Wood** did not reply to any of our emails leading us to believe he may have a new email address.
- **Peter Berry** sent us a message. It was decided not to publish on the grounds that his accolade would only embarrass one of our number.

PREFECTS 1962

19 in total

P Berry – (HB)
R Swil – (Dep HB)
I Bain
R Beighton
M Bond
D Bossenger
R Cooke
F Croswell
J Croswell
R Gerhardt
B Joffe
T Krige
N Lile
J Marais
A Mills
A Pitwood
I Scheepers
P van der Spuy
D Wagenfeld

PREFECTS 1963

19 in total

I Wood – (HB)
M Duckitt – (Dep HB)
N Ardendorff
G Alberts
G Freedberg
R Garratt
B Ginsberg
R Griffiths
B Grigg
G Krige
J Lederer
A Marais
S Newstead
A Niemeyer
A Rodger
A Spencer-Smith
C Stevens
H Timoney
K Whitehead

LIST OF 31 DECEASED SCHOOL COLLEAGUES SACS

1. Arnold Kaganson
2. Allan Kenmuir
3. Andre Meyerowitz - see below note a
4. Brian Chedburn
5. Brian "Jock" Dummer
6. Brian Nuttall – 6/10/12
7. Christopher Brown who died at Wynberg Military Hospital in 1964. see note e
8. Colin Proctor
9. Colin Temple – car accident when we were in std 6/7
10. Dennis Veall
11. Denis Krupp matriculated at another school
12. Edward Lifson – left SACS before matric to go Cape Town High – see note f
13. Earl Pietersen
14. Frank Kruger in Melkbosstand - see below note d
15. Glenn Alberts – August 1965
16. Gordon Wright
17. Ian Meaker
18. Ian Scheepers
19. Jackie Pretorius - left SACS in std 6 or 7
20. Jeaniel Marais
21. John Nash
22. Jonathan Lurie
23. Leonard Kantor
24. Lewis Kossew
25. Michael Bond – London circa 1969
26. Norman Schutz – Capetown 1990 -see c
27. Patrick van der Spuy
28. Peter Reso
29. Piet Verster – left SACS think in JC; did not matriculate with us
30. Roy Neethling - note b
31. Selwyn Kagan

NOTES

(a) ANDRE MEYEROWITZ

- Note "a" is for Andre is prepared in honour of a school colleague who sadly passed away in 2007 in the prime of his life at age 62. Andre Meyerowitz was a brilliant scholar who is remembered for his calm nature ie for never losing his patience nor temper. He was a humble soul and as a teenager, displayed a maturity beyond his years. Destined for success, he rose to become the foreign correspondent of a South African newspaper in Pretoria and (it is thought) became the editor on his return to this country after a sojourn of 10 – 12 years. May he rest in peace. Andre is survived by his wife Sue and a son Mark.

(b) ROY NEETHLING Roy Neethling was not in Andre's shadow – these two fellows, both with high intellect, compliment one another. One cannot think of one without the other. That both are no longer with us, is very, very sad. Neither were sportsmen, they nonetheless epitomised all that is good at SACS.

(c) NORMAN SCHUTZ

Howard Joffe writes: Norman Schutz died in August 1990.... one day after he had attended the batmitzvah of my youngest stepdaughter. We have him on film.

Norman's wife Peta partnered Madeline Joffe at bridge for many years until she left this country to move to Melbourne

(d) FRANK KRUGER of Melkbosstrand

We spoke to Linda, FRANK's widow....he passed away 11/9/2006 at age 61. Frank had had strokes and had been paralysed for 7 years prior. Linda too has not been well in recent times.

Linda.....phone 021 5532778

(e) CHRISTOPHER BROWN

Howard Joffe got very bad flu in the army whilst doing duty at nearby Youngsfield and was admitted to the military hospital in Wynberg.

It is difficult getting admitted and it is impossible to get released. Whilst in the ward next to the ill Chris Brown, the two lads from SACS naturally chatted. Chris had heard how Howard had been admitted in a flash without him getting the chance to pack a

few things together before they rushed him off to the hospital in Wynberg.

Chris had then offered Howard the use of his slippers.

A small gesture but a kind one.

A day later Chris passed away....

(f) BIG Eddie Lifson

David Bossenger: We virtually grew up together. My mother worked for (company name deleted) and Eddies dad had the pharmacy on the corner of Buitenkant and Scott Streets. We often spent after school hours together messing around at the shop or at the old Vredehoek Primary School looking for tadpoles, watching Union rugby club practices and matches and generally getting into trouble with our parents.

OUR NUMBERS – HERE ARE THE STATISTICS

	TOTAL	E1	E2	E3	other school
1962	77	30	27	20	
1963	86	35	29	21	1
	163	65	56	41	1

Deceased (31)

Notes

31 deceased equates to 19% of the 163. Almost 1 in 5 are no longer with us.

The late Denis Krupp matriculated at another school

FUNNY STORIES

H.Joffe:

If I had my school days over, I would have developed my small frame into something more substantial....Have you guys heard the true story of me going to ISSY BLOOMBERG in an effort to put on some bulk? I could not get the front door open! Dinkum. So – I went to California across the street where they told me to drink this mixture of milk, 4 eggs, protein and some other powdery substance – which I did.....they omitted to inform me to have this mixture in the morning and I had taken it at night with the result that I could not sleep....FELT LIKE I WAS DRINKING A HEAVY METAL SUBSTANCE.....I decided there and then to remain thin.

Selwyn Talberg:

- Droopy Dawg's drenching in Science Lab after his disastrous naphthalene meltdown!
- Bosenberg holding the HUGE horse-shoe magnet against Droopy's watch.
- Doug Brown's Minnie sandwiched between the columns of Jan Hofmeyer Hall on the last day of school 1963! John Bailey the science labs at Newlands where Mr Van Rensberg our teacher never realized that we spent more time climbing down the trap door and having a quick smoke under the floor. Boy those were the good old days. By the way I often see and chat to one of my favorite teachers Francious Kitshoff who still looks the same and is still a real gentleman. About a year ago I met Mr.Minnaar in Constantia Village and we had a brief chat but have not seen him since.

Jose Anstey:

Funniest day at Rosedale: The day Neill De Beer (a brilliant sportsman) got the better of "The Boss" at one of his "after-dinner" grillings of students at the old Rosedale in Orange Street in 1959. As was his custom, The Boss rang the "reception desk" bell on the High Table to make announcements and to question students who had "stepped out

of bounds". He asked for "De Beer, the Junior" to stand up (he had a brother one year ahead of him – also a great sportsman and I think they were from Chingola or a close town in then Northern Rhodesia/Zambia) . The Boss asked Neill where he had been that afternoon – and we all thought he left without obtaining permission. Neill answered: "I went a Doctor's appointment, Sir." "Oh!" said The Boss, "...and what did you have on your head?" Given the rule that, if you left the grounds, you had to wear the full uniform, including a hat, we surmised that Neill had probably forgotten his hat at the residence. With his typical dead-pan face, Neill shot back: "BRYLCREEM, SIR!" (Loud laughter in the dining hall). This was the only time we ever saw The Boss dumbfounded and actually chuckling at a student's answer, followed by: "You may sit down now!"

Neill Hurford:

All I can say is that we are among the rarest of SACS Old Boys that attended the school both at the Orange Street buildings and in Newlands. It makes us an important part of the school's history and I'm proud of that (for some reason). I also think we had a bunch of spectacularly idiosyncratic teachers: Whiteford, Doug Brown, Nancy Rowland, Clack and of course our beloved John Ince (who was also my daughter Sylvie's teacher and principal). Each of them gave me the skills that have seen me through my life. I don't think you get many like them any more. We were enormously fortunate.

Patrick Wantling:

Further to which teacher stands out during my time at SACS – probably Impi – Kept chewing his loose false tooth while trying to teach us accounting, and repeatedly warned me he knew my father. Turned out they were drinking partners at the Cecil Hotel!

And also Mr Basson, not sure why, possibly because he was from an Afrikaans background and taught us English for a while!

NORTON LAZARUS REMEMBERS

I remember my first day at school. For me, this was first grade ("Standard 1"). SACS Junior School was on Hope Street, Oranjezicht, where it had been since my dad attended many years before. The first class was PT where Johan Strauss and others shimmied up some ropes to the ceiling, which scared the life out of me. In Standard 3, we moved to the new campus in Newlands. I remember those years as a constant commuting exercise in a car pool with Jonathan Lurie, Bruce Ginsberg, Ian Centner and others. Coming home, I would take the bus. I became the sports photographer, as I was no great athlete. With a birthday in November, I was one of the youngest kids in my grade.

I remember that my class teacher at one point was Mrs. Welsh and the headmaster Mr. Hunter. Junior school was tolerable and the setting was picturesque.

Moving to high school meant a return to Hiddingh Hall — Standard 6 was back in the Gardens. SACS had developed a Claremont splinter group headed by Mr. Westall. Both groups were integrated for Standard 6 in our year, in preparation for the move to the new high school in Newlands the following academic year. Mr. Westall's class pet was Ian Wood. Ian competed with Stephen Schach for the top spot in the class. There was a lot of favoritism. The pressure within the A class was immense. The Boss, Mr. Whitehead took us for Latin. His sarcasm was legendary. There were frequent canings and other punishments. Standing under the clock was a favorite as was detention. On one occasion, the Boss ordered that the whole class stay back till 4 pm. I stuck up my hand and told him that I had an appointment to go for a workout at Issy Bloomberg (one of the first gyms in town). The Boss looked at me. There was a minute or two of absolute silence in the class. Then he said: "Make up your mind Lazarus, is he or is he not Bloomberg?"

The academic pressure continued through Standard 8 for me. Exams were so nerve-wracking, that my mom gave me a tranquilizer before my Standard 8 final exams. I fell asleep during the exam and was relegated to the B class for the first time. It was a revelation for me. I went from being an academic also ran to competitive. I also realized that there were people actually enjoying school outside of the pressure cooker that was the A class. While people were killing each

other in E1, our group in E2, were having a whale of a time. E2 was a very supportive environment for me.

Howard Joffe reminded me of an event that happened in Mr. Brown's English class. We were required to make a presentation to the class and mine involved a story of horseback riding on Blaauberg Beach. Mr. Brown blurted out that he remembers passing by Blaauberg Beach that day and noted that I was riding a donkey, not a horse. I responded that it takes one donkey to recognize another! There was no retribution, but it did change our relationship.

HOWARD JOFFE REMEMBERS

My last contact with Andre Meyerowitz goes back to 2004

Andre spent one school holidays checking the accuracy of the TRAIN TIME TABLES by recording the actual arrivals/departures times of trains entering and leaving Rondebosch station.

He must have been 12 or 13 years of age. It was a project for school.... Amazing feat for such a young lad.

I mentioned this fact to him on my return from Australia back to South Africa. Here is his response:

-----Original Message-----

From: Andre Meyerowitz [mailto:ame@pretorianews.co.za]

Sent: 19 August 2004 11:49 PM

To: howardjoffe@iafrica.com

Subject: long time

Hi!

Nice surprise. Delighted to have renewed contact.

I'm mildly astonished that you recall the train timetable thing, but yes, railways have always been (and are even now) an interest.

You've presumably re-visited the school?

Joined the Argus when it was still a newspaper, spent 10 or 12 years abroad (Europe and Americas) as a foreign correspondent, came back to hobnob with idiot politicians, and now put the Pretoria News together. Journalists do not get rich.

You don't say what line you are (or were) in. Perhaps curiously: although I've been to 50-plus countries, I've never been to Oz.

Married to Sue, one son now at varsity.

Ja, the old names . . . if I remember correctly, you had no family connection with Basil Joffe? We must definitely get together, which could happen because I do once in a while pop down to CPT. Stay in touch!

Best,

Andre.

WHO WROTE WHAT?

Dr Richard Cooke: several peer reviewed papers on Cardiac and Thoracic Anaesthesia, Paediatric Cardiac Anaesthetics, Nausea and Vomiting in Anaesthesia and others. Original research papers, also Lecturer and Expert Witness.

Formerly Head of Paediatric Anaesthesia, UCT and Red Cross Children's Hospital.

Dr Irvin Modlin — He has written a colour illustrated History of Gastroenterological Surgery, over 500 peer reviewed papers on Surgery and Research in diverse medical fields and a history of Medicine Development in different cities, and a lot more besides-16 books in total. Original research papers

Also Lecturer and Expert witness. Several Honorary Professorships including the British Hunterian Professorship—following his father with this prestigious award

Professor of Surgical Gastroenterology and Molecular Cell Research, Yale University.

Dr Derek Wagenfeld has written many papers on ENT and made his name with Cochlear Implants in Ears.

Formerly Head of Ear Nose and Throat Surgery, University of Stellenbosch and Tygerberg Hospital.

Dr Colin Helman has had multiple articles on small bowel absorption published.

Adrian Mirvish who lives in California

His publications include "Merleau-Ponty and the Nature of Philosophy" (Philosophy and Phenomenological Research), "Freud Contra Sartre: Repression or Self-Deception?" (Journal of the British Society for Phenomenology), "Sartre, Hodological Space and the Existence of Others" (Research in Phenomenology), and "The Presuppositions of Husserl's Presuppositionless Philosophy" (Journal of the British Society for Phenomenology).

H Joffe:

Prediction that Apartheid was doomed to fail was made in 1969 twenty five years before that actual event in 1994.

Leader Article published in The Cape Argus under the heading
“Problems for the seventies” –

printed 16th June 1969.

Other journalists
the late Andre Meyerowitz
Neill Hurford and Warwick Bastard

FORMER CLASS-MATES

BRUCE GINSBERG remembers

Did 500 of us really really sing “Lalalalera,Lalalala/ Largo al factotum dellacitta largo’ And what a merry life/what gay pleasures for a barber’ being act 1 of the Barber of Seville on Page 67 of the SACS Song Book compiled by the redoubtable larger- than- life red haired Dr. Hans Freund, German music scholar and choral savant.

Did he really with a dancing baton, control testosterone- fuelled boys dreaming of maidens and rugger fields, keep us focussed every Friday morning first thing on the phrasing of the most extraordinary collection of folk songs, ancient Roman marching sons, sea shanties,La Donna Mobile’s, and the SAC school anthem whose third verse contains:

“With their Latin and Greek,
And their cases oblique,
And their “Asinorum Pons”..

Here over 50 years later, I am still beyond without any understanding of my “Asinorum Pons”.

It was all a most extraordinary scene. The splendid old SACS Hall in Orange Street, where we would file in in long snaking single files, classroom by classroom, past the old Victorian courtyard stones along the upstairs balconies, down wooden staircases, past a stone classical plaque with a Greek inscription, into a twilight realm of dark panelled walls covered in Prize winners and various exhibitioners ,and presumably Victor Ludorums, HeadPrefects, head masters and war dead, all acclaimed at one or other time??. Memories all on the sensory level of clatter, clammer and exclamations of bravado, rather than an Art of Memory recalling of exact visual detail. Anyway whatever was written there , were lists of gilded names, each who went on to live out their story later in different realms, or perhaps died in the process..

Behind the upright piano was the prim, gentle long-suffering Miss Reed, recalled as bespectacled, with grey bun, small pert and hugely patient and gently sweet,with a hall full of boys, some wild and feral, many suffering from extreme attention deficit, and others

overly gentle, sometime fearful and sensitive, jostling for balance and obedient in concentration.

We would run through various songs, repeat sections, and there would be a steady stream of boys being sent to the headmasters office for strange noises and disruptions for corrective canings and punishments from the curious Mr Whiteford with his searing sarcasm, but useful sense of order and decorum in 'maintaining standards'.

Here within the close resonance of a German war, fifteen years before , the large red-haired German émigré, an escapee from the Nazi regime, still terrifying in everyone's consciousness, with war comics, and ex-servicemen fathers, we would hear the strong guttural Germanic phrasings of the highly civilised, liberal and refined Dr. Freund, somehow containing the colonial wild children of his adopted country.

This extraordinary Friday morning spectacle remains one of my most potent memories, which unknowingly opened a world for me. I have given forth in pubs and parties with versions of 'Green Sleeves' and 'Lili Bolero', with total gusto and no talent, always managing a deep base, slightly off key of 'Gaudeamus Igitur', and sat in a pub in Yorkshire, mumbling crudely in sonic groans my version of On 'Ilkley Moor Bahtat', with my long-suffering wife in attendance, permanent grimace.

A large, handsome Hungarian opera singer - imagined on a white horse galloping across the Hungarian plains, while singing supremely the highest of notes - once offered me a lesson saying : "Anyone can sing"! One song from the Sacs song book, - and with Doc Freund imagined in front of me with a baton - and the poor des[perate woman suggested we had a cup of tea instead.

Alas the voice was not to be, but had the joy of learning to listen and it opened a world.

The massed stands of 40,000 Welsh rugby supporters singing the national team forward at Cardiff stadium has an extraordinary visceral effect, and old redhaired doc Freund certainly tuned me into the vibrational resonances forever.

Denzil Deacon remembers

9 Middleton Road
Newlands
7700
Cape Town

Tel: 021-6717332 and cell: 082 4666369

Email: hangart@mweb.co.za

Dear Howard and fellow SACS Matric Classmates of 1963,

Hi there guys. For some reason, I wasn't contacted regarding the 50th matric class reunion (something about "not being on the list" – strange in this age of social media??) but fortunately, I found out about it anyway. Unfortunately, I found out about it a little too late to change existing commitments so I have not been able to attend. I would, however, like to extend warm greetings to all my fellow classmates, share a few memories and stretch out a hand in friendship.

While the years have flown and much water has passed under the bridge, a few memories of those final years at SACS remain. I remember "Marbles" (v d Merwe, was it?) our Afrikaans teacher, who lived across the road from school in Dean Street, "rolling" his way down the driveway every morning with his inimitable walk – with a string of schoolboys behind him, trying their best to mimic his unusual gait.

I remember John Ince. Our history teacher, I think. He was a young man at the time, a fairly new teacher and passionate about his work. I remember nothing of the history but I think John taught me quite a bit about hard work, honesty and integrity. He went on to become Headmaster, at Camps Bay, I think, and was very well respected. He passed away a few years ago.

I remember our Headmaster, Mr Taylor, who taught us Latin and delivered swift justice with his cane on several occasions in that big office of his down the corridor. All those teachers, whose names escape me now, worked hard to make something of a motley crew of boys – and knowing how successful and privileged many of us have

been, I dare say they succeeded more than they might have hoped.

Amongst my classmates (E3 particularly) I remember young men such as Arthur Mutlow. A chap with “the gift of the gab”, who could sell ice to eskimoes. Arthur went on to become a senior executive in the motor industry – marketing, of course. I remember the affable, much loved, outgoing and mischievous Ronnie Sassoon – who hasn’t changed a bit since then. I also remember Quentin Smith – who had a new moped and a very cute younger sister. I rather fancied both. Quentin fell off his motorbike so often that he sometimes had more than one limb in plaster at the same time. I think he became so accustomed to anaesthetic that he went on to become a doctor. There are many more fond memories of our schooldays. These are just a few to add to your own.

A few words about my own path through life during the past 50 years. I did my stint in the army, as we all did in those days, studied Geology at UCT, married my varsity sweetheart (a cutie called Inka) and went to work for Anglo American in the Goldfields for 11 years. We returned to Cape Town in 1978 with 3 healthy, growing children and have lived less than a kilometre from the old SACS school in Newlands for the last thirty five years. I worked for Safmarine as a project manager / IT specialist during the implementation of containerisation in the late 70’s/early 80’s and left in 1988 to establish a small niche business involving one of my personal passions (art). This business has served us well. It internationally and has taken us around the world and kept the wolf from the door for the past 24 years. (www.picturehanging.co.za for anyone interested).

My other passion (motorcycling) has endured for 50 years (remember Quentin’s moped?) and has meant that, ever since schooldays, we have always had at least one two-wheeler in the garage. We are getting a little bit decrepit now but we still enjoy the odd breakfast run and off-road trip. An interest we are able to share with our children and their spouses, who are now keen motorcyclists too. Inka is still at my side and we have been extremely lucky, happy and reasonably healthy. May I wish that for all of you too. Much of our (mutual) success is due, no doubt, to the strong grounding we received at SACS. Many are less fortunate than we have been.

In closing, I would like to pay my respects to those of our class of 62 & 63 who are no longer with us. My sympathy goes out to those they

have left behind. I have included clear contact details (above) so that, God willing, we can meet again at our 60th reunion in 2023.

Kind regards to you all.
Denzil Deacon

EDDIE MULLER remembers.

Worst Happenings.

Glen breaking his leg. Sounded like a branch breaking. Horrible.
Standing under the clock and praying the BOSS would not walk by.
Getting 6 of the best from Mr. Hunter, at Dryfe house, for asking somebody to pass the butter.

Happy memories

HMS Pinafore. Was exciting performing with an orchestra under the baton of Walter Swanson.

He smoked his cigars in the school hall and nobody dared stop him.
The moonlight climb of Table Mountain, the night before the TEN YEARLY meet of the mountain club.

Uys Krige running up and down the touch line at rugby matches.
The unbeaten under 14 A Rugby Team. Manfred Sher scored the most points for the season.

I was second. Those days I was the kicker, having spent hours on end practicing with David Bossenger on the Union Ruby fields.

Funny stories

Droopy the Dog. Most terrorized teacher in the history of the SACS
The day somebody had a buzzer / motor hidden somewhere. He came in and heard the sound.

This continued most of the lesson. He said nothing but kept looking. Suddenly he rushed up to somebodies desk and threw the lid up. Then the next and so on. Then came the screaming. "Who did that. Who did that?" He was actually frothing from the mouth, close to having a total collapse.

Teddy Weber remembers

Current position: a tour guide leading foreigners safely around SA. Mainly German and American and Canadians tourists.

Previous position: a textile engineer with a honours degree from Leeds University. It took me 45 years to figure I actually prefer people to textile machinery.

Countries lived in: UK and Canada and (now back home) in SA.

Family: I met my wife Jenny when she was sweet 16. She is still my wife. We have 2 children – Daniella 37 and Marc 34. Both in Vancouver BC.

Interests: people, photography, good wines, fine dining.

Sports: tennis and downhill snow skiing. Hiking.

Favourite teacher: Mr Curry from New Zealand; Liked student teacher John Ince. Who can forget Miss Herbst Choir? – Position near her feet was critical to smell her perfume and to peak up her dress.

About not being a rugby player at SACS: When Peter Morgan told the Boss that he, Ronnie Shell and the late Dave Ticktin wanted Friday afternoons off to join the then forming WP Schools Table Tennis League, the sarcastic reply was “ ping pong? I wont have SACS boys playing ping pong! “

For those who will remember me from junior school: I was this small quiet shy guy.....No more – one cannot be a shy successful tourguide. Being small was a disadvantage when the big ouws like Berry tackled you in rugby.

Merv Sacher writes:

After leaving school and failing std 10, I decided that my schooling was actually interfering with my education.

So I decided to go out into the world and teach myself how to make money. I started in Advertising and realized that “selling “ was my forte, so I did that in many ways and was earning good money at 20 years old with plenty of time for soccer and surfing.

In 1967 I married my childhood sweetheart who’s Dad owned grand Bazaars and it didn’t take long for me to become a director of the public company.

Not too difficult when your father in law is the chairman.

In 1980 we emigrated to Dallas Texas where I have been for the last 32 years.

I started a European style chocolate and cafe which I built up to 5 units which I sold twice and still have one.

That's how you make money in America!

I love my work and intend to stay at it till they carry me out.

I have 3 grown up children and 7 grandchildren all in Dallas.

I look forward to seeing you all at the reunion, especially some of the little shits that bullied me when I was small.

I have some funny stories to tell from those days and hope to get a chance to do it on the Thursday night.

We should have a story telling time that night. It will be great.

My CT cell number is 076-483-1824 and my land line in CT is 021-439-1542

Warwick Bastard – Profile

CAREER

University Of Pretoria – BSc(Agriculture). Intended to study veterinary science but failed to get into Onderstepoort after failing Physics twice.

1968 Post University worked as an Agricultural Extension officer in Rhodesia mainly stationed in Enkeldoorn.

1971 Took a year's sabbatical for a study tour to the USA studying beef production – visited 25 states and universities or research stations in every state visited.

1972 Joined Windmill Rhodesia selling fertilizer, pesticides and animal health products – became 'Animal Products Manager'

From **1975** – **1978** served in the military wing of Internal Affairs looking after protected villages.

1978 joined Meadow Feeds, Pietermaritzburg as Dairy Specialist

1981 Study tour for Meadow Feeds to Israel and UK.

1982 Moved to Meadow Feeds, East London as Sales Manager and then General Manager

1984 Moved to Milling and Trading, Port Elizabeth as Managing Director made redundant in **1985** when feed mill was closed 1986 emigrated to the UK

I then worked for 25 years as Ruminant Specialist

In **2005** started and run 'The Large Herd Seminar' which has grown from 80 attendees to a 1½ day event with 350 attendees. Considered to be the best event of its type in the UK and now attracts people from the whole of Europe. Started 'Model Nutrition Dairy Consulting' and work approx. 3 weeks per month although I am accused of working

full time. Currently look after the nutrition of 4000 cows on 6 farms in the UK, 6500 cows on 13 farms in Poland and Czech Republic, nutrition consultant to a company in Scotland, technical support to a microbiological company working mainly in dairying.

Retired in 2010

Have had numerous articles published in the farming press over the years and do a few lecture slots every year.

PERSONAL

1976 Married Jan Goodwin sister in charge of the Intensive Care Unit at the Andrew Fleming Hospital , Salisbury after a 3 week courtship. Both my children were born in Pietermaritzburg – Jessica in 1978 and Kai in 1981

Wife – Jan (Janet) will be coming to reunion – Warwick1945@aol.com
Cell - +44 7725 912808 Home - +44 1362 692647

INTERESTS OUTSIDE WORK

Rugby – coached the local 1st team at Sevenoaks RFC for 3 seasons before coaching juniors 12-19yrs. Took a team through all the age group culminating with a tour to SA in 1999.

Voted Junior Coach of the year for Kent in 1997.

Have had 6 boys that I have coached play for England age groups, 4 have played in the premiership and 1 has played for England and toured with the Lions.

Stopped coaching 2005

Follow and watch rugby and all sport from around the world, walk dogs visit gym

Travel every year in Europe for work and pleasure – during the past year visited 6 countries

Best trip so far 12 nights trip on a 5 Mast Sailing Clipper from Venice to Rome - magical

Do one long haul journey per year occasionally two – during the past year SA and USA.

FORMER CLASS-MATES SHARE THEIR POST SCHOOL LIVES WITH US

It is hoped that this edited version of your lengthy CV will not disappoint. The aim was not to act as censor but to forward information in a succinct and readable format. Ed.

Adrian Mirvish – see also page headed WHO WROTE WHAT

Received his Ph.D. from the University of Cincinnati, specializing in existentialism, phenomenology, and the relation between philosophy and psychology. At CSU Chico he teaches existentialism, phenomenology, and history of ancient philosophy.

Basil Joffe

1968 Married Doreen nee Reichman (her late father was Test Cricket umpire Dan Reichman)

1968-71 Ph.D. Chemical Engineering, Imperial College of Science and Technology University of London

1972-78 Lived in Johannesburg. Ran business developing computer software for Chemical and Fertilizer industries

1979 - Living in Houston Texas.

Jonathan Schrire

Lived in London for 30 odd years and returned to Cape Town in 1991 just after the democratic change was announced. In 1996 he formed a community organisation in an informal settlement called Vrygrond, near Muizenberg, and has been the Chairman ever since. In the intervening 16 years Jonathan has raised over R140 million for projects in Vrygrond and other townships including Imizamo Yethu in Hout Bay. The main thrust has been housing (building 1,600 brick houses to replace the shacks in Vrygrond), and education (three schools, library, teacher training, etc).

Jonathan has 3 children and the same wife he fell in love with 40 years ago. He lives in Cape Town and intends to die here

Neill Hurford

Journalist for the past 46 years – newspapers, magazines and specialist writing. Living both in Cape Town and Prince Albert in the Karoo. I have divided my time between the two places over the past 18 years. I live and work and be near my daughter Sylvie and grandchildren Gabe, 10 and Rose, 7, in Cape Town, and live and work with my wife of 42 years, Elaine Jordaan, also a journalist, and my dogs Frank and Milo in the little Karoo town we rediscovered nearly two decades ago.

Bruce Oppenheimer

Some brief bits about my life. Professionally, I started off wanting to teach English Literature, went on to study guidance counselling in Israel and then spent five years at Duke University in North Carolina getting a Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology. I worked as a psychotherapist for about 20 years and about 15 years ago began to work also as an organizational consultant. Today I am still working pretty much full time and planning to gradually reduce hours. I teach group work and organizational consultation and work a fair amount in the school system, particularly with school principals.

Hobbies: I was very involved in community theatre for about 10 years as an actor and director. Then the bug just left me and today I am an avid theatre-goer. I read (mainly professional literature).

Ian Centner

1978-1980: Changed direction, moved to Antwerp, Belgium, worked in the Diamond

Industry. Relocated to Los Angeles, enrolled at GIA, graduating Cum Laude. Returned to Antwerp. Worked in polishing factories, sorting offices and certification laboratories.

1981-1982: Lead the research team developing second generation LASER powered diamond saws, coordinating research in the US and UK, culminating in the design and implementation of a programmable control system for the laser sawing process.

1982-1986: Founded African Diamond Cutters, specialising in laser sawing, kerfing, cleaving and polishing unusually difficult and/or large rough diamonds with unpredictable outcomes.

December 1986, moved back to Cape Town. Helped wife Cathy run Cathy's clothing business. Retired but active in community affairs.

Tony Swil

Studies:

Awarded Yale-SA scholarship in 1963

Yale University 63-67 B.S. in Industrial Administration (magna cum laude)

Ranking Scholar (top 10%), Phi Beta Kappa (academic honor society)

Rugby 1st XV 63-67, captain 1967; Major Y in Soccer 1965

Chief Aide, Pierson College; President Yale Rugby Club

Rhodes Scholar at Magdalen College, Oxford 1967-68

Read for B.Litt Economics;

A banking career 68-74 and then in corporate with Cape Gate Fence and Wireworks.

Current interests: Torah studies, Hebrew, exploring Israel, walking, cycling, reading, music, chess, investments

Howard Joffe

Experience: CTA and executive recruitment

Present Occupation: management consultant/semi retired

Most important article published: PROBLEMS FOR THE SEVENTIES

16 June 1969, Cape Argus

Country/City lived in since leaving school: Melbourne, Australia 1981-2001

Most memorable experience since leaving school: living my dream by going to Australia

Single greatest achievement: becoming a father; turning Australia's third largest air conditioning factory into profit after a twenty-year loss situation. Experience derived from having been an accountant at Murray and Stewart. Success as an executive recruiter in Melbourne.

T: 021. 438 2608

cell: 072 062 8511

email: howardjoffe@iafrica.com

Martin Sher

In the USA. Has also lived in Zimbabwe. Owned 2 restaurants 1988 – 2006 in North Bend Oregon. Became a taxi driver with Yellow Cab from 2002 to present. Married to Geraldine for 26 years and is the father of two – a boy and a girl who are now both in their forties - and grandfather to 5.

T: 541 756 8794

cell: notgiven...email: msher@charter.net...email 2 : bokdrol@juno.com

RONNIE GLASS

Matriculated in 1963 achieving the German prize for the first time , much to Geoffrey Lederer's disgust at having lost out! He then studied part time at UCT to become a Chartered Accountant and qualified in 1969 and has been a Partner in a local firm since 1 Jan 1973 by the name of Horwath Zeller Karro. In the interim Ronnie enjoyed 2 marriages and 2 divorces producing 5 children along the way and now lives gratefully a batchelors life in a flat in Moullie Point. (ed – if you can enjoy a divorce – you can enjoy anything!) Says his love is for nature , the outdoors , our beautiful Cape – he enjoys the mountains, the sea , walking , running, cycling-doing the Argus Cycle race and the 2 Oceans Half Marathon again, and for some culture regularly visits Cinema Nouveau. He has been organising outings and lectures for the past 10 years for a club , the Cape Natural History Club- says “we do anything of general interest” -anyone got some ideas-please share these with him when you meet There is so much history here which he finds such a switch for the mind, belonging to many clubs which somewhere has history interwoven – nearly 20 . There are so many interests one can pursue here at the foot of Africa. May retirement arrive soon! Unlikely as ex-wives and children cost. Says “luckily my parents stopped in Cape Town in the 1930's”

RONALD SASSOON

Married 2 children

Have had my own business in the clothing/textile sector since 1969. I currently own Sissy Boy jeans wear which specializes in jeans and fashion-wear for women.

I am very involved in product development, marketing and sub-licensing of our brands.

I have very fond memories of my SACS days and especially of my fellow class-mates.

PETER BERRY

City Bowl, Capetown. Ph 021. 462 7701 ; 073 857 7252

partner Jenny

new email is peter@qrcinternational.com.

An expert in ISO. After 911 when the next threat was perceived to be coming via the food chain, Peter was asked to assist the NYPD.

PETER BERRY on ISO

As you are no doubt aware, ISO is the International Organization for Standardization, based in Geneva. They were founded in 1947, and since then have published more than 19000 international standards covering almost all aspects of technology and business. As these standards are developed through global consensus, they help to break down barriers to international trade. ISO International Standards ensure that products and services are safe, reliable and of good quality. For business, they are strategic tools that reduce costs by minimizing waste and errors and increasing productivity. They help companies to access new markets, level the playing field for developing countries and facilitate free and fair global trade.

Dr Peter Berry, an ISO Catalyst, experienced the introduction of the new Interactive Management System in 2007 when the American economy went into free-fall. In order to encourage companies to become compliant in a cash-strapped market, the IMS programme was developed. Thus it can save you considerable time and expenditure.

If you already have one or more ISO registrations and one of your clients require you to have another one, IMS is also useful – it enables you to save by linking various ISOs to meet your own requirements.

Peter has done just this for a large company in Durban, who sell environmental engineering solutions to mines throughout Africa. Mines are now stipulating that in order to qualify for contracts, suppliers must have the safety ISO, OHSAS 18001 (Occupational Health, Safety and Security). A liquor distiller in Gauteng will be adding ISO 14001 to the ISO 22000. Peter was able to build these companies a system linking all the requirements of the three ISOs,

enabling them to reduce their administrative load by 65%.

Peter is able to manage the entire installation, and has been doing just this for the last 27 years, with over 700 successful registrations throughout the world.

Peter would be only too happy to arrange a no-obligation meeting with you so that he can gauge your needs. At the same time, he can explain how to apply for funding for your ISO registration from the Department of Trade and Industries and your training SETA.

JEFF LEDERER

Has lived in Israel (1971 – to date)

Cell no.972-507-750583

Interests: Acting (still active in the local community theatre group) Chazanut – am the Cantor over Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur in the village synagogue.

Photography – Have won several awards.

Gardening

Orienteering – A lesser- known sport running in the forest, popular especially in Scandanavia where you are given a map and a compass and have to pass a certain number of stations and cover a distance between 5-9 Kms in the least possible time.

Graduated M,B.Ch.B. UCT – 1970

Graduated as a specialist in family Medicine at Tel Aviv University –1979

Am a tutor in Family Medicine at Sackler School of Medicine affiliated to Tel Aviv University since 1979

Active teaching of students and post-graduates.

Am a widower with 5 boys and 4 grandchildren, live in perfect bliss with a female partner (Aviva) for the last 10 years – she has 3 children and 6 grandchildren. (On Friday evenings there are 27 seated around the table for dinner! It's fun for most of the time, until the part about: "Who does the dishes?")

School memories:

We had a maths teacher called Mr Van Rensburg who used to punish trouble makers by keeping them at school after hours. You knew that

you had become a victim 'cos he called your name and said: "When can you come?"

We also had another Maths teacher – a lady – and we used to place our compasses on the floor next to our desks and call out "Miss, compass on the floor!"

In Std 2 – Mr Basson, our Afrikaans Teacher, came to class, one day drunk as a lord. We never saw him again. I also recall that he was a splendid rugby coach- while in training, we were never allowed to kick the ball – It made us better rugby players.

Short CV – Profession: Specialist in Family Medicine - Graduated M.B.Ch.B. at UCT 1970

Post graduate education in Tel aviv University

Served in the Israeli Air force as a Doctor.

This data received 8th February 2013 and will most probably be the last document to be sent to our printers. Thank you Jeff for responding to our request made 31st January.

Ed

GRAHAM LUNOW

Current position: retired – living in Norfolk UK

ph home : + 44 – 1692 – 650060

mobile : + 44 – 7823 - 440810

graham.p.lunow@btinternet.com

Previous position: director of property development division of UK commercial bank developing in Europe

Countries lived in: Holland, Austria, Greece – 10 years; Portugal – 7 years now in the UK as stated first line above

Family: wife Rosalind who is second wife

Interests: travel, wild-life (safari and photography), snorkelling when possible, reading and collecting books, the grandchildren. Projects in and around the house.

Sports: tennis and downhill snow skiing. Hiking.

Favourite teacher: *not informed of this.*

Education : studied Architecture

Achievement : proud of heading up the team that won award for the second best hotel resort in the world. *Location this resort not provided.*

IAIN BAIN

T: +27 21 6742786

M: +27 866 717289

E: ibain@mweb.co.za

Wife: Irene - from Lubumbashi (Elisabethville) Zaire, fluent French and Swahili

Children: Stuart (SACS '84) Fire Chief New Mitchell's Plain station, Major and 2IC at Cape Town Highlanders. Philippa – speech & drama teacher and has our two grand children in Melbourne.

School Days at SACS: My experiences at SACS were many, carefree and enjoyable. Life long friendships and fellowship.

Post School Activities: Military Service: 6 instead of 9 month SAP training (with Berry & Beighton) in lieu of military service. Due to shortened course for matrices called up again. Extricated myself by renouncing SA citizenship. Eventually repurchased citizenship in '94 to vote. Unfortunately the euphoria at that time is now tempered by present day reality.

Tertiary Education: Architectural studies shelved for business career.

Career Training: Marketing and logistics for Imperial Chemical Industries (ICI) in SA,, Zambia and Australia, Ship Broker, Newmont Mining Corp.(Tsumeb & O'Okiep copper), British Vice Consul (Commercial) for 25 years doing trade promotion between SA & UK. Involved lots of travel in SA and UK – loved it.

Present Occupation: Semi-retired - In partnership with Rolls Royce aerospace engineer representing specialised UK engineering product – self-piercing rivet - used mainly in automotive assembly but also in steel frame housing, road signs, solar energy and many other applications.

Papers, articles or books published: Many commercial sector reports for British Industry which were published in SA and UK but quickly became outdated as projects completed and new ones commenced.

Countries/Cities lived in since leaving school: Ndola Zambia and Sydney Australia.

Most memorable experience since leaving school: Living, working and playing in Zambia in early 70s and rowing down Zambezi to within sight and sound of Vic falls with hippo on opposite bank. Reminiscent of David Livingston.

Single greatest achievement: Staying married for 47 years.

I enjoyed my days at school. Probably played too much sport – at times up to 7 days a week. As a consequence I received a mediocre matric.

Having to wait until June before starting military service I joined the small band who headed to the police college in Pretoria for nine months training, supposedly in lieu of military service. However, on arrival they cut matriculant training to six months. On completion of the course I was disgusted to learn that I was still liable to be called which happened later that year.

Determined to avoid another wasted nine months and being fortunate to have two citizenships I decided to renounce my SA one. This was only finalised a few days before I had to report to the army for the second time. The SAP took a passing interest in my travels in and out of SA.

This disrupted my plans to do architecture at UCT but I was lucky enough to land a junior job with Imperial Chemical Industries (ICI). After a number of years I was transferred to Zambia to assist in management, marketing, logistics and training of local staff. Probably

the most enjoyable years of my life. I was recruited by the local rowing club on my first flight into Ndola where I found an amazing bunch of Brits, Irish, Australian and New Zealand oarsmen, including Olympic champions. We held well organised regattas throughout the country including the Zambezi within sight and sound of the falls, on the Kafue near Lusaka with hippo on the opposite bank and on slimes dams in Luanshya and Kitwe.

On completion of my contract in Zambia and rather than return to SA I opted to join ICI Australia in Sydney where I was involved in management, marketing and logistics of agricultural chemicals in New South Wales.

Due to the ill health of my parents I decided to return to assist them with the intention of returning to Australia.

After short stints with ICI Johannesburg, a ship broker and Newmont Mining Corp., (Tsumeb and O'Okiep mines) I eventually joined the British Consulate General in Cape Town as their Vice Consul (Commercial). This coincided with the start of the Falklands war. My remit was to promote trade between SA and the UK for the territories of the old Cape Province and Namibia. The sector responsibilities included agriculture, automotive, engineering, healthcare, fishing and oil & gas. This entailed extensive travel in SA and the UK. After 25 years took early retirement.

Presently am in partnership with a Rolls Royce aerospace engineer and we represent a specialist British engineering product used in the automotive, housing, road sign and solar energy sectors which keep us out of mischief.

I have been married to Irene for 47 years. We have two children: Stuart (SACS '84) presently Fire Chief at new Mitchell's Plain station and a Major and 2IC at the Cape Town Highlanders. Philippa married an Australian. She is a speech & drama teacher and has our two grandchildren in Melbourne.

Wanting to vote in '94 I bought back my SA citizenship for R50! Unfortunately the euphoria experienced then has been tempered with present day reality.

How time flies.

Yeah SACS

RONALD LOWENTHAL

I am currently living in the northern suburb of Illovo in Johannesburg.
Married to Daphne (Ordman from Zim)

My cell number is 083 600 0912 and my office number is 011380 3000.

My interests are collecting tribal art, travel and tennis.

Does anybody remember, during “Nancy’s” science classes, when we opened the trap door and disappeared during the lectures? We also made all his experiments reverse themselves.

Does anyone remember the star rugby player (Peplar??) burying his boots under one of the trees outside Rosedale.

After matriculating, I spent one year at the University of the Witwatersrand, then went to see my father in London and went to Sussex University.

From there, I went onto the United States to do a Business Degree at the University of Pennsylvania.

I worked as a banker in the United States, the United Kingdom and Asia.

I returned to South Africa in 1984 to join my brother in the stock broking firm and am now a “facilitator”, i.e. try to put deals together.

EMAIL ADDRESS – ronald@lowenthal.co.za

REQUEST FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS BOOK.

This is a copy of the email mailed to you 22/9/12.....headed SEPTEMBER NOTICE.

Hi guys – we have previously requested that you submit a brief CV about yourself.

The response to date has been weak – hence the request below.

Action is needed by you the reader in that we want you to contribute any or all of the following in order that we have the ingredients to produce a decent record for our fiftieth:

- a brief profile of your career and achievements since leaving school (failures?)
- do not shy away from describing in brief something of your academic excellence (or disasters)
- current occupation (semi retired is an occupation)
- a funny/uplifting/sad story from your school days
- which teacher stands out for you – and why
- what books have you written
- something about your travels overseas
- any regrets
- what would you have done differently
- the reason why you will not be joining us in February
- confirmation of your email address/cell and home number for future contact
- if married, what is your wife's name
- if in a serious relationship, her name is ?

This applies to all including those who will not make it to Capetown for the event.

Please reply to howardjoffe@iafrica.com no later than Monday 15th October 2012 which is just over 20 days away. February 2013 is around the corner

Thank you. H

STOP PRESS

In response to a late request to supply something for this book, six very brief CV's were received as follows:

BRIAN VOGELMAN – Edgemead, Cape Town. 18 Mill Street Bothasig. Ph 021. 558 7411 (h)
wife Dawn
bbfloor@netactive.co.za

HERSCHEL GELBART – Boca raton Florida USA. Ph 561.4778051 (h) ; 561. 8627949 cell
wife Pam
muizie@aol.com

HYMIE SLABBERT – Capetown. 082 – 7773515.
partner Lillian
hymie@londonhouse.co.za
interests = golf, travel, reading and watching most sports

NOEL MILLS – Capetown. Ph 021. 786 4886 (h); 084 4441133
wife Pam
anbmills@rockwoodfarm.co.za
interests = world affairs, financial markets, game parks

SAKKIE MEEUWSEN – Isle of Man, British Isles. Ph + 44-1624 -629571 office
partner
sakkie@bodystat.com
interests = hiking, snow skiing, mountain biking, golf, travelling

ON TEACHERS

Howard Joffe:

Doug Brown – whom I was to discover was an author.

I came across his name and work upon opening a soft-cover book of short stories. This took place on my return to this country after year 2001. I was at a book club meeting in Plumstead,
There was his name in bright lights as it were– one of his stories was called “Post Haste”.

I attribute much of my love for
the English language to this outstanding teacher.

There IS something I will never forget:
The builder’s were completing the new school in Dean Street.....
and were happily banging away. DB saw the opportunity to teach us
about the cacophony of sound - He instructed us to open our poetry
book and to go to page 69 to read TIGER TIGER BURNING BRIGHT
to the beat of the builders working outside.....Unbelievable – to this
day, the memory of that poem read to that beat, resounds with me.

He is remembered by me as an enthusiastic and passionate teacher
Thank you again Doug Brown.

Martin Ammermann:

Doug Brown was the teacher who stands out the most for me. My
English teacher & rugby coach. He was very supportive & did a lot
for my self esteem

Henry Watermeyer :

I will never forget the surprise I felt one day on walking into the
kitchen
of our house to discover Doug Brown arranging with my mother to
place bee hives on the property. Somehow one didn’t expect teachers
to have other interests.

Selwyn Talberg:

I have bumped into Francious Kitshoff at the shopping centre and also, about a year ago Mr Minnaar in Constantia Village but have not seen him (Minnaar) since.

Ian Centner:

If I were to single-out ONLY ONE teacher, I would be desecrating my memory of the excellence of all the others.

Perhaps, if I may, I would like to list, in NO PARTICULAR ORDER, a decade of my teachers, whom I can justifiably name as having been the most influential and impressive during my semi-decade at SACS High School. These are:

Doc Freund, Doodles de Kock, Doug Brown, Impie Stierlin, Japie Irvine, Mr Spencer-Smith, Mr Vlok, Mnr Douglas, Nancy Rowland and, The Boss Whiteford.

Perhaps ... I should not been so disrespectful about parking in The Boss' parking spot

H. Joffe:

Impi would ask you a question and THEN SEND YOU TO THE FRONT of the class where others had gathered for their ritual caning. He sent me up once but I ignored him. To this day, I can proudly own up to the fact that I was a never caned at school (nor have I ever been drunk).

Warwick Bastard:

Ed Muller beating a class mate who was chasing him over the head with the plaster cast on his arm.

Getting a beating from the boss for something that I did not do

Taking part in a San Souci play 'Oliver Twist' as we wanted to meet some girls – Brian Drummer, Drew Wood and Tai Krige all had leading roles while I played a policeman.

I will never forget the sound of Glenn Roseman's leg breaking during a rugby match at St Michaels.

No major mishaps, except for getting six of the best after a sweetie pie fight with some standard six upstart and my favourite prefect, none other than Peter Berry had to take me to the office (so he said – probably grinning all the way). On the way my sticky blazer was removed by a good friend and replaced by a clean jacket, so that on arriving at the office, Peter's story did not quite jell up as my jacket was clean. This probably added to my woes.

Neil Watson:

My teacher that stood out was "droopy" van Rensburg, as he was always at the butt of some prank

ROGER BEIGHTON:

In honour of the late Doug Brown,

*The old man went walking
one summer's morn
Trough the village
and into the dawn.
One lost soul
stretching his bod.
Looking for something
Looking for God.*

TWO SIGNIFICANT VICTORIES AT SACS

THE BAND COMPETITION

Our Cadet Band won the Band Competition at Wynberg Camp. We were having a major celebration in the Hofmeyr Library the night we received news that again Wynberg Boys HS had won on a “remark”.

The Wynberg Solo Drummer was the son of Director of Music at the Castle and they had held the Trophy for about 11 years and we were forced to return it from our party!

Sour grapes? We don’t think so.

RUGBY

Ernie Spencer-Smith had promised the Senior Rugby Teams a party if the 1st XV beat Bishops in a Derby end of year tournament.

Bishops had 5 teams so we made a 5th “Pick Up” team with lots of U16s---and yes - all 5 teams won. 5 wins out of 5 and against Bishops!

It was quite a party and some booze crept in but none of the teachers “noticed”.

* * *

A short-lived victory for our cadets and an incredible victory for our rugby players.

Jumping Jupiter – were we over the moon that weekend – and for days thereafter. Recorded here to swell the fame!

Yeah SACS!

WHERE R THEY NOW?

Omissions regretted. Names earmarked with a * left SACS before matriculation. These names are included here because they played rugby with us and had befriended us. That some matriculated elsewhere is of little consequence.

Ab Marais – in Cape Town...abmarais@iafrica.com...021. 8509000 (w)

Adrian Mirvish – in California...admi@flash.net or mdknox@csuchio.edu.

Alan Espey – in Capetown...atespey@mweb.co.za

Alan Sassoon – somewhere in S America...sassoon2@verizon.net

Alastair Rodger – cvc@mweb.co.za

Andy Weeber – doctor, farmer...gusborne.estate@gmail.com

Allen Rodgers* – in Capetown... lectures at UCT...allen.rodgers@uct.ac.za

Anthony Spencer smith – in Capetown...fran.spencersmith@gmail.com

Arthur Wienburg * – in Capetown...insurance broker...wienburg@iafrica.com

Basil Joffe – in the USA...basil.joffe@comcast.net.

Bernard Henry – in Thailand...bernie_henry27@yahoo.com adventurer

Bertie Chait – in Cape Town...builder bertie@insrep.co.za.

Brian Vogelmann – in Cape Town...bbfloor@netactive.co.za dawn@iandickie.co.za...021. 5587411

Bruce Oppenheimer – in Jerusalem...oppen@netvision.net.il

Bruce Ginsberg – in the UK...farmer bruce@wistbray.com

Cecil Gelbart – in Cape Town...solicitor...cgelbart@icon.co.za

Chris Bosenberg – lives in two cities...bosie@global.co.za actuary and bridge player of note the most capped springbok in all sports

Clive Stephens – in Cape Town...need email address

Clive Tappan – lovell@mweb.co.za

Colin Helman – in USA...doctor...gicolin@aol.com

David Abrahams MISSING PERSON

David Bossenger – in Cape Town...retired army officer...dmbza@sonicmail.co.za

David Singer – formerly of Swellendam...sincra@mweb.co.za

Denzil Deacon – in Cape Town...IT specialist/now business owner hangart@mweb.co.za 021.6717332 or 082 4666369

Derrick Hopkins – missing person

Derek Robertson – in Gauteng...desrob200@yahoo.com artist

Derrick Wagenfeld – in Cape Town... surgeon...bigd@surgeon.co.za

Edward Muller – in Cape Town... semi retired/formerly in music industry...edf.muller@gmail.com

Frank Crosswell – in Gauteng...wisa@global.co.za

Garfield Krige – in Cape Town... lives in Oakridge, Cape Town (Tel. No. 021 7122448) and retired about seven years ago after spending most of his working career as either a legal adviser in the commercial world or as a

practising attorney...marykrige@telkomsa.net

Geoff Freedberg – somewhere in Canada... Accountant CA(SA)...
thelma@sympatico.ca

Gerald Romanovsky – in Cape Town. In real estate. Has an MBA romanov@mweb.co.za...who can forget his pen drawings of a ship being bombed by a plane circling overhead...Gerald would throw his hands in the air with glee as the bomb hit its target and he would then explode by muttering some inane noise – an exclamation of total abandonment and relief

Graham Lile – not on email...0828071356...lives in Plumstead; been retired for 14 years

Graham Liebenberg – in Sydney, Australia...graham.liebenberg@bigpond.com

Graham Lunow – in the UK...graham.p.lunow@btinternet.com retired

Harold Peewee Juter* – in the USA...hjuter@yahoo.com

Henry Watermeyer – in Gauteng...henry.watermeyer@gmail.com

Herschel Gelbart – in the USA... manufacturer of bedding/mattresses...
muzie@aol.com

Howard Joffe – in Melbourne 1981 – 2001; in Cape Town. 2001 – to date... accountant in manufacturing; then executive recruitment; semi retired...
howardjoffe@iafrica.com

Hugh Timoney – hughtim@gmail.com

Hymie Slabbert – in Cape Town...insurance agent...hymie@londonhouse.co.za

Ian Centner – in Cape Town...retired...icy@iafrica.com

Iain Bain – in Cape Town... has recently gone into a new partnership...ibain@mweb.co.za

Ian Wood – wood007@aol.com

Irvin Modlin – in the USA...prominent doctor...imodlin@irvinmodlin.com

James Crosswell – in Gauteng...engineer...jamesc@crosswellengineers.co.za

Jeff Flax – in Cape Town...solicitor...jflax@ens.co.za

Jeff Lipschitz in the USA – photoflank@gmail.com

Jeffrey Lederer – in the UK...jeffivled@yahoo.com

Jerome Keslin – in Israel...jeromk@clalit.org.il

John Bailey – in Howick, Durban...home 033 2395153/cell 072 2870455...
jcbailey45@gmail.com

John Foulis – somewhere in New Zealand since late 2012

Jonathan Schrire – in Cape Town...ajax@iafrica.com

Jose Anstey – in the USA...abokfan@aol.com

Ken de Wet in Cape Town – not on email. Corresponds by mail 49 Elgin Road, Sybrand Park, 7700 – ph 021.696 5850

Kevin Wahl – in PE...insurance agent...kevin.wahl@absa.co.za

Leslie Dektor* – in the USA...film producer/photographer...maytoo@aol.com

Manfred Scher* – in Cape Town...mannyscher@iafrica.com retired

Mark Duckitt – in Darling...duckswc@wcaccess.co.za another CA(SA)

Martin Ammermann – After returning to Cape Town in 1977 from Jhb. he moved to Newlands for 15 years, then Kenilworth for 10 years, then Bantry Bay for 10 years. Has now bought again in Kenilworth, but house been renovated.
mammers@cybersmart.co.za...Another CA (SA)

Martin Sher – in the USA – 1988 – 2006 owned 2 restaurants msher@charter.net was over 6ft tall at age 11.

Mike Gersholowitz – in the USA who writes “remember my time at SACS as limited, I was on my Honda and at the beach a lot. The class had a nice bunch of guys. Sends special regards to Richard Cooke. Has have lived in Tampa, Florida for 30 years.” sgersholowitz@yahoo.com

Michael Tucker – in Gauteng...solicitor...mtucker@global.co.za

Mike Kovensky – in Cape Town...CEO retail business liquor...
kovensky@aroma.co.za

Mike Kramer – mshkbbd@sbcglobal.net

Nathan Kuperholz – in Australia solicitor...nathan@nathankuperholz.com.au

Neil Watson – another CA(SA) ndwatson@iafrica.com

Neill Hurford – in Prince Albert in the karoo...a journalist...
neill@damnfinecopy.com

Noel Mills – in Simonstown, Cape Town. Wife Pam. 0212,7864886/ 084444 1133 ...
anbmills@rockwoodfarm.co.za

Norman Adendorff – in Durban... game ranger and also in partnership as an ISO consultant assisting Peter Berry...owenaden@mweb.co.za

Norman Lile – in Cape Town...n.c.lile@hotmail.com...0838906798

Norton W Lazarus – in the USA...banker...nwl@oemcapitalcorp.com

Patrick Wantling – in Germany. He writes about his wife Majorie “At university I was somewhat distracted, the best accomplishment was finding my future wife, and we were married at her home by her cousin, a NG minister.”...
wantling@t-online.de

Paul Zuckerman – in Cape Town...zuckfam@iafrica.com

Peter Berry – in Cape Town... ISO trainer/economist 073 8577252...peter@qrcinternational.com

Peter Nyman – in transit and moving to Knysna another CA(SA)...nymanp@mweb.co.za recently retired

Richard Cooke – in Cape Town...anaesthetist...richardcookepri@telkomsa.net

Ricky Garratt – in Cape Town...rgarratt@homechoice.co.za

Robin Horn – at sea...will be at sea in February 2013 when we will be partying. Says his most noteworthy redevelopment was the Sea Point Pavilion seawater pools. Loves walking and loves playing bridge...robinhorn3@yahoo.com

Rodney Blumberg – in Cape Town...broomstickair@vodamail.co.za his cell 072 281 8008

Roger Beighton – in the UK...2010 – present Retired in Norfolk to a life serene on a village green, Five miles south is the village of Oakley. Fifteen miles north-east is a tiny village called Beighton with an impressive ancient church...sweetwaters42@yahoo.co.uk

Roger Griffiths – need his email address

Ronnie glass – accountant...ronnie.glass@crowehorwath.co.za...cell 083 44 16 17 0

Ronnie Lowenthal – ronald@lowenthal.co.za

Ronnie Sassoon – in cape town...Clothing manufacturer...021.506 4600 or 082 490 6403...ronnie@bluejeantraders.co.za

Roy Hitchens – in Cape Town...accountant retired...sally.chambers@CapeTown.gov.za 071. 1851720 or 021. 6712321

Sakkie Meeuwssen – another CA(SA) Isle of Man UK. Plans to spend more time in Cape Town and let daughter run the family business in the UK

Selwyn Talberg* – in Cape Town...insurance.talbergs@mweb.co.za

Stan Schneider – in Cape Town...These days my interests are going to Virgin Active and still occasionally do some sea and fly fishing...stanman@mweb.co.za...his contact numbers are 082 807 8124 or 021 852 4473.

Stephen Dibowitz – in Cape Town...steve.d@iafrica.com in the auction business working with his son who is the MD

Steve Duzzy – in Haifa...sduzzy@hotmail.com

Steve Schach – in Sydney...steveschach@yahoo.com

Steve Newstead – in Canada...sanewstead@rogers.com

Tai Krige – based in JHB when in SA...taikrige@iburst.co.za...082 4587938 or 021 462 2601...freelance film and tv cameraman/director and producer...Taillifer Markgraaf Lefras Krige...Father UYS Krige, Poet...Mother Lydia Lindeque, Actress.

Ted Weber* – formerly of Canada; now back in Cape Town...Tour guide specialising in German language...021. 439 8397/082 4693940...tedweb21@yahoo.com.

Theo Young – missing

Tony Brady* – in Knysna...Retired accountant...bradybunch@mweb.co.za.

Tony Niemayer – tonyniemeyer@me.com

Tony Shapiro * – in Cape Town...vtshapiro@iafrica.com

Tony Swil – in Jerusalem...tonyswil@yahoo.com retired.

Warwick Bastard – in the UK...warwick1945@aol.com

Warwick Sumption – in Cape Town...retired – not married...jennysumptom@absamail.co.za

Zane Gibson * – in Cape Town...zmigibson@gmail.com

RICHARD COOKE REMEMBERS

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Obituaries, Tributes, Accolades

There is a line in the Don Maclean classic American Pie, "Those are the three men I admire most, Father, Son and Holy Ghost" which caused it to be banned in the Broederbond's heady Calvinistic Era of South Africa.

It was not blasphemous but a respectful celebratory accolade to the death of three other greatest early Rock Musicians as Maclean was not a frivolous but complex lyricist --- other of his work about belief, morality, joy and pathos of life.

These are not simple obituaries but a celebration of those who have traversed an inevitable path we will all follow in the not too distant future, in writing these there is a conscious attempt to link those gone with those still here and their connection and influence in the tapestry of our existence.

These are the writer's memories, wherever backed by records, with a real attempt to maintain accuracy as far as possible. It is the African tradition to maintain history by storytelling and folklore, sadly leading to ever changing distorted history, omission and denial the worst offenders. Michael McNeile documented what he saw as some important South African tales in his 1957 book "This Africa of Ours" in an attempt to introduce a wider understanding of traditional South African History, and it is important that tales be told.

The intention is to wake the memory of those included in these writings, unfortunately virtually no anecdotes, accuracies nor ambience were supplied by other attendees to the gathering of two of the most important modern SACS classes at their fiftieth year post-partum.

The reader may find himself in these pages and it is with respect that he is presented, for his influence, own achievements and assistance to those no more.

There is a dark side to some of these chapters and this must not be dwelt on after this explanation, for nothing can now be changed but possibly it will allow an understanding of things contemporaneously incomprehensible to most of us.

In explanation I was 3rd generation at SACS, the names of Advocate William Austin Cooke, Politician, Legislator, SA Party contemporary of Hofmeyr, his brother Albert Austin Cooke, sons of Architect/Engineer Edwin Austin Cooke among the first on the honours boards still in the Hofmeyr Hall. My father Charles Edwin Cooke did not finish School at SACS, being taken to UK in 1927 but maintained his connections, on Old Boys Union committee and with his property business involved with committees and Ernie Spencer Smith in buildings and the purchase and refurbishment of houses for the SACS Foundation. Prof Arthur Kipps one

of his lifelong friends was instrumental in my entering Medical School, after I wrote four Matric subjects in hospital, during the week subsequent to emergency surgery.



OBU committee 1968 Top left: John Ince, Eddie Cooke

Kipps' father was Warden of Dryfe House and during Depression times Arthur helped my father find a nightly bed after he left home and was working for J W Jagger, his friend Charlie Goodall' father's undertakers, a member of Cape Garrison Artillery for 2/6 on Saturdays at Fort Wynyard.

Lasting networks but more constant friendships were part of SACS brotherhood, probably because of it being a school of cosmopolitan financial, social and ethnic origins as society was at the time, not forgetting the scholars from St John's Hostel, the Anglican institution that was always housing a wider contingent of boys, after 1947 than that allowed by the laws of the time.

In our Matric classes and rugby teams there were also revered third generation families, of teachers and others, Lionel Veater, grandson of "Daddy Veater", Kipps and Killops. Some became fourth generation families, Bertie Chait's family now fourth generation.



Arthur Kipps back right



Lionel Veater front right



Bertie Chait was a WP Shotputter in Matric in 1963. Today a fourth generation family who owned the International Hotel In Gardens which became Gardens Centre after development, involving his brother Geoff, where a few SACS boys had premises, some mentioned in the obituaries, and those of us in the Naval Gymnasium met with the original Gym Old Boys meeting, started by Hylton Ross.

Because of my father's family involvement with Anglican Church affairs/buildings there was a consideration that I attend St Andrews, entrance examination completed and I was sent to a local Church School for two years in preparation. My friends from Sea Point, mostly Jewish, my father's friends, mostly Jewish, my swimming friends from Long Street, my family were all at SACS or involved with the school and my father on the OBU committee. I wanted to go to SACS.

I went on a School tour to Britain with an Anglican Priest/Teacher, in the 1950s by ship, the first night he asked a couple of us if he could dry us after our bath, the rest a UK Crown Court record, my personality and resistance saving me the horror endured by an estimated 200 others in UK for 30 years after he returned.

In 1958 he sent me an affectionate card for my birthday and then I insisted my father approach Boss and I enter SACS, I did so midyear but not without the intimidating experience of being shown the Family on Honours Boards by Boss and my father, the rest told in my tribute to Brian Chedburn.

John Ince I first met when we were in A2, he a student teacher with the inimitable John Clayton, founder of the Outward Bound youth camps. Later he was on the OBU committee with my father and apart from the accolades he received for his service to the school he was always a mentor and quiet confidante of all who had a problem.

My early respect for John came when in 1960 at 14 I won the first Cape Town under 17 Schoolboy Cycling championship and athletics besotted Doug Brown became vehemently opposed and obstructive when he arrived back at SACS. Unsolicited, John smoothed the road with Doug that I did not have attend athletics practice on Thursdays when I was training at Green Point. It set a pattern of animosity with Doug I could not change. With G Lyle, N Mills, Sakkie Meeuwssen, myself and others we won a set of benches for the quad from Garlicks Store during Matric in a timed cycle trainer race. John Ince was manager.

Later John became close when I was in the Cadet Band and remained so continuously because of his friendship with my parents. John became Headmaster of Camps Bay School, on record as having been started by my other Greatgrandfather, Capt David Hinman and his wife, as well as the Anglican Church, St Peters, designed by Architect Edwin Cooke, the Sunday School and other institutions by these two. Hinman was the Commodore of pilots in Cape Town, receiving a gold Chronometer from the Lords of The Admiralty, Greenwich for his contribution to Navigation and Safe Passage of ships during the Anglo-Boer war.

My Grandmother was Hinman, my Grandfather Cooke, who met when their fathers were planning a church in Camps Bay. The houses are still there today.

Hinman, a first resident of Camps Bay, had his official house in Portswood Road at the harbour, both families were friends of SACS boy Col Jack Rose, world hour paced cycling record holder on the original Green Point cycling track in 1899, founder of Despatch Rider Corps—on bicycles—politician and respected Military man. In the St Peters Church History it is recorded that Hinman was involved as a Deacon of the Anglican Church and associated with such recognized Clerics as Bishop Lavis, Deacon and Wiggett.

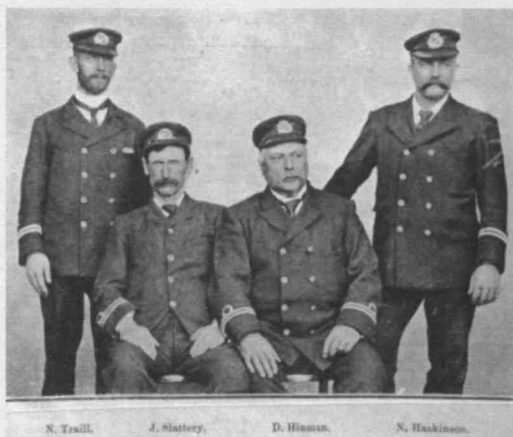


Jack Rose and Hinmans about 1909 Old Green Point

(Capt. D. Hinman, Chairman, and Messrs. E. James, J. White Laing and S. J. Wiggett) to canvass Camps Bay and ascertain what amount of support would be forthcoming for this venture. Enquiries had already been made prior to the meeting, and a report was made on "a little building put up many years ago in which in olden times the late Mr. B. J. Spyker used to hold services for which his daughter would play the harmonium". The Cape Marine Suburbs Company had expressed willingness to sell the site on which "the little building" stood.

Capt Hinman and the Rev Wiggett

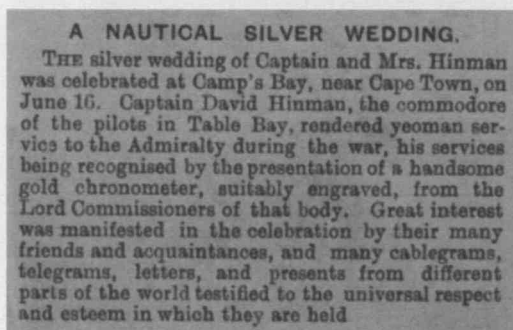
Harry Wiggett, the grandson, in the 1980-90s was Minister to Fish Hoek congregation, a SACS and lifelong friend of John Ince.



Capt Hinman and his pilots. Illus London News 1901
1903



1948: Bill Cooke KC, SACS Demonstrator



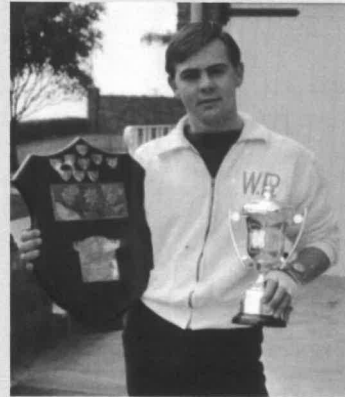
Hinman Silver wedding short report 1906

Cycling is today a major sport, even Doug Brown used a bicycle, badly, in later life when he lived below me in Constantia. Suffice to say that with the importance of SACS boys and bicycles I found Doug Brown a petty man, particularly after I returned to school following the SA championships at Easter 1962 when he admonished me as it was not a school sport and ranted because I had missed the first rugby practice, That year I received the President's Cup as the most promising rider, a letter to Commandant-General Grobbelaar from SA Cycling Federation that the Navy was to allow me to train because of 1964 Olympic Games trials short list. I later won the Fripp shield for 1000 metres, against previous world record holder, my friend Charles "Abie" Jonker and other previous Springboks at 17. I lost all respect for Doug Brown, more so for other reasons. He also told me I would *never* write good English.



RICHARD COOK, 16-year-old City Club cyclist, is the youngest member of the Western Province team to take part in the national championships at Bloemfontein this week-end. He was the winner of the Under-17 Under-17 championships in 1960 and 1961. He is a SACS schoolboy.

SAs 1962 ---SACS named!



Fripp Shield 1000m & Presidents Cup



Abe Jonker, Cardiff 1958 Games, with Jan Hettema, World Record Holders 1000m Amateur

My respect for John Ince however grew, mortified when I found him in City Park after his stroke mid-1980s. We maintained a tenuous contact, he concerned that I did not play an active part in OBU affairs. It was wonderful that he recovered and that we had seats across the aisle from each other at Newlands Rugby Railway Stand. Often we walked from Main road to the stand together, John, the former Top Athlete, determined in spite of his stroke sequelae and later knee replacement, with difficult complicating infection.

It was during one of these walks that he started a conversation about people in the 1962 band and it was obvious something was troubling him. He alleged Glenn Alberts had such an unnecessary death and this is clarified in Glenn's piece. There were many other allegations,

at least one a major business man overseas today. He proffered he would telephone me which he did the next week.

It was the time the first rumours about convicted Paedophile, Ian Appleton, and other teachers had begun and my wife Debbie was angry that we were called back into Royal Cape Yacht Club to witness Appleton's Will the day before, just as we were leaving. It opened the door for John.

Appleton Family and the Sons were closely associated with the Scout troop where Irvin Modlin, Bruce Ginsberg and so many of us SACS boys and many of our Sea Point friends were members, the Church Hall site with our family particularly. Another tale.

He disclosed what is recorded in these accolades in that telephone call but a lot more to corroborate the SACS' boy's flippancy and revelations over many years. In discussion he was insistent that I again report my experiences on ship and in London to London MET Police to save others the same fate.

This happened at all schools, regrettably it is something we live with and nothing was done in our time. It is different now. The tragedy is that John's allegations fitted the stories and profile, then indicating that two of our friends could not cope. He was a brave, trusting man to disclose and what is written is as much to pay homage to John Ince, one of SACS greatest sons, a giver to all.

In late 2010 I was visiting Claremont Hospital ICU where I had patients and found John Ince the second, final time but on a ventilator, in *Extremis*, unconscious with severe infection. His wife Corienne arrived and I had to turn away after some platitude of consolation, the tears taking hold.

I had been preparing a document for him quietly on his, my and our family connections to SACS and Camps Bay. He did not survive to see it.

In these portrayals the words futile, horrific and unnecessary will be found often, so many lost because of negligence and ineptitude of others, so many parallels between circumstances. There was a great debate on Robin Whiteford's nickname 40 years ago, it being decided that he was plain "Boss" and not "The Boss" from early 1950s. Such luminaries as Syd Kiel and CK Friedlander were party to this debate so that is how I present his appearances.

Whiteford had his own issues, his dream of Medicine shattered with his severe ankle injury and infection, preantibiotic in the 1930s, forcing him late into Classic studies. It left him bitter about his fate which we discussed when I gave him a lift from where he was lecturing at advanced age at Barkly House, his own son having taken his own life some years before.

Today we must honour all those whose passing through touched our lives, in the vast majority extremely positively, and be grateful. That is the only purpose of these ramblings.

It is my sincere wish that my personal portrayal is accurate to the reader, fond memories ignited and any fires long extinguished.

De Mortui Nil Nisi Bonum dicendum est.

Photographers

It is not possible to present these Tributes without acknowledging those whose photographs supplied the pegs and stimulated the memory.

G Ivor-Smith. Akkersdyk studios. More than any organization, Ivor-Smith was associated with virtually every town schoolchild since the 1950s. I first met him at Kings Road School when Peter Nyman and I were there and subsequently at every school and University photograph I can remember.

A man of charm, patience and the Graflex Plate held high as he perennially chanted, "HAAAAAPY".

Over the years his premises moved as much as his travels to institutions from Exchange Place, to Georgeu's Waldorf Building and finally to 58 Main Street, just below SACS.

I met him in 1977 at Maseru when we were on a Rupert Medical Mercy Weekend. He remembered me after years of photographs and we had a very enlightening conversation as he told me he had come to gamble. There was no shame in that as my grandmother crossed the border Sundays from the farm in Tweespruit immediately after NGK morning service and on occasion won quite handsome payouts. She also had a close friendship with Eric Louw, who was regularly at Chartleigh Hotel.

Purely hypothetically, Ivor-Smith told me of those who came to Maseru Casino with cash, traded their chips at the end of a session strictly for a cheque which they banked on return to the Republic. Intriguing to a young doctor who believed he knew all the loopholes from exposure to cash country practice.

Sadly it was the last time I saw him after all those years, still a young man,



G Ivor-Smith Akkersdyk Studios foto N Jakins

Neil Jakins. Ahead of our classes, Jakins was an accomplished photographer of portraits, buildings and landscape, an artist as well. This is evidenced in many SACS Magazines and he was on Magazine committees to share his opinion and skills.

Michael Roy. Mike was in our class, also on magazine committee. Originally with the Diamond Workshops opposite Wynberg Camp (where SA Cycling's and my manager Harry Bairstow worked as a cutter), he is now in Dallas. We were in the school band together, he a tenor drummer on my left, and many of the action sports photographs in this series are attributed to Mike.

Chris Moon. Chris was a 1961 matriculant, SA Navy Gymnasium after school with Robin Douglas, best Gym Trainee in 1962. Chris eventually became a full Captain in the Navy in Command of the Tafelberg, when my Sister in Law was a Commander, so we saw each other in early 1990s as well as at the Bergvliet Congregational Church where I was married. He was a photographer of all subjects at school and there are several of the town school I have and may display for this occasion. A brother in law to Iain Bain's sister, Chris is a highly successful, modest man.

David Martin. David followed me from the Anglican School for his own reasons. He was also in our classes, on Magazine committee but disappeared from class and Matric results lists. His photographs are mainly groups and people.



David Martin



Mike Roy



Arnie Kaganson



Debbie Cooke

Arnie Kaganson. Arnie had two interests besides work, his cars and cameras. When a young man it was his Yashica but he also had darkroom equipment and did his own developing and printing. He loved photographing his friends and sadly so many of these photographs are lost. He prepared a display for the 1992 reunion which was a very popular presentation at Hels Hoogte lunch. This year he is not here to help me.

Debbie Cooke. My wife has been a happy snapper for years, documenting all she can see. Originally with no experience 20 years ago she has finally learned to avoid background poles out of heads, cutting off legs and such errors—finally keeping out of my field. In truth I forced on her a compact Nikon initially and now a Bridging Nikon and she spends hours on the Web aligning her photographs with her crafts as the Special Class teacher should. We have her to thank for the wonderful memories of the 2002 reunion, so many of her subjects gone. She is more accomplished each year.



Debbie has stopped composing fotos with poles sticking out of heads and cutting off legs

Irvin Modlin reminds me that it is my wont to say “The Past is a Forgotten Country” and as I continue to grow my practice and seek new challenges outside there is a huge modicum of Truth (perhaps a Modlincum -- a new pattern of oxymoron). So many of us growing businesses, reinventing ourselves.

With my relatively recent interest and presentations on the work of Gupta, the Duke University Group, Preconditioning, my son, Richard Jeremy’s work on Link Prediction and other evidence of pre-eminent Genetic Predisposition and its Determination of Outcomes, I believe still: We must not lose sight of the journey travelled nor those with whom we travelled who shaped our path and be thankful for those with positive influences.

This is a celebration of we who are fortunate to have come so far, to have shared so much with those in these pages, for today is truly the next day of the end of our time. Let us continue to move forward.

Richard D Cooke

January 2013

Allan Kenmuir

b 1945 d about 1968

Allan Kenmuir was a boy who dropped behind at Newlands, who should have finished in 1963.

He too was a likeable fellow, quiet, non-confrontational and played rugby in the lower teams. He had a brother a couple of years younger who was more of a sportsman and on the boxing teams.

After school days he developed an interest in SCUBA Diving and became a member of Atlantic Underwater Club. We spent many Friday evenings together on the miniscule first floor stoep of the original clubhouse, in an old house adjacent to Chait's International Hotel, both of which were to become Gardens Centre.

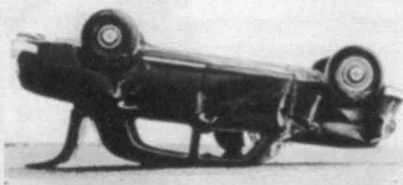
I enjoyed his company and to the best of my recall, like Eddie Lifson, he entered the printing trade.

One night he was passing UCT before Woolsack junction, went through the original style stopwatch speed trap opposite the Rose Garden, traffic police giving evidence that he had not been speeding, and his old 1950s "Ponton" Mercedes 190 rolled, killing him almost instantly in those days before compulsory seat belts.

It was about 150 metres from the turn in where Glenn Alberts had died a couple of years earlier.

The independent suspension swing axle simply broke a halfshaft.

Remembered because of his quiet, amenable nature, Allan was friends with all.



Andre Ian Meyerowitz



b 6 12 1944---d 7 8 2007

Andre Meyerowitz was recognized as one of the brightest brains of the 1962 Matrics. He was instantly recognizable as he was not a small man, no conventional sportsman, liked by all. This was because in spite of his great intellect he had no arrogance, nor opinion of his ability.

When I arrived at SACS Andre came with his reputation from the Junior school, spoken of with respect and almost awe by many. It was an unusual phenomenon in a class of such wide intellectual ability. Most of that still remains today.

He had many interests in many subjects, probably ridiculously esoteric to most and Howard Joffe recalls his spending hours checking and calculating accuracy of train schedules at Rondebosch station near his home. It was simply a part of his wide interests, somewhere fitting in his calculation of the reason for our existence, if not of mice, the plans of man.

We had a friendship because possibly both had sporting interests outside of the school norm in the 1960s and could discuss the obsession with certain sports by unreasonable teachers. Andre was one of a number of our classmates who early on recognized the lifelong advantage of playing golf, leading to social and business networking in later life as well as contributing to minimal stress injury compared to mainline school contact sports. He was wise in so many things.

We both belonged to Civic and Debating Societies and would spend many moments sitting in the long grass next to Rosedale and later Dean Street fields discussing the future of Kwame Nkrumah and those that would inevitably follow.

As we moved up at Newlands he was spending more and more time at Somerset West, the Golf Club spanning the old Somerset West road, no N2 then, alongside the AECI experimental farm.

Andre did not go to Military training after school and was one of the 11 of us who entered the Medical Course at UCT. He was with those who started in 1963, Gerhardt and Gersholowitz, the three of them leaving within the first two years for other careers, possibly wisely, and Modlin who went on to be one of the most illustrious at Medical School and after.

When I was in the Navy gym at Gordons Bay we occasionally met on a Saturday afternoon as I was allowed out to train on my bicycle on the local roads. I was going to start Medicine in 1964 and, curious about my own future, I was amazed to hear of Andre's disenchantment with his choice as he was as always sliding through academia in first year with ease, spending more and more time at golf. He had made up his mind he would finish first year and then follow journalism, one often wondered if with an eye to politics but this was probably far too duplicitous for one of Andre's integrity.

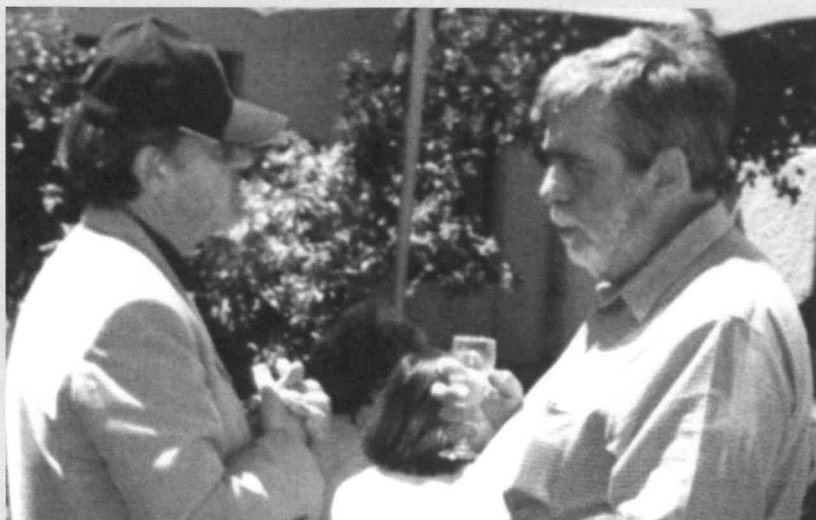
His journalism career was a very successful one and he spent many years overseas, which he loved, eventually returning to South Africa to become a sub and at times Editor at Pretoria News.

His experience in capitals in UK, Europe, USA and eventually back in Cape Town and Pretoria were his idea of riches, his insight into politics, politicians and making a meaningful contentious contribution to change were the dividends.

We lost contact but this was renewed via the 1992 reunion and even more after 2002, occasional SMS, short, pertinent and he recalled asking my colleagues at congresses about me and from what he could glean at brief meetings about so many of us. In 2002 at the breakfast I was quite flabbergasted at what he knew of my professional life—that was Andre, self-effacing, humble, blessed with sound judgement and recall, truly interested in the lives, not only accomplishments, of those he had known.

Three years before he died we had telephone calls as his son, Mark was at UCT and he asked me to take him sailing. It was always exciting to hear his calls but he was obviously becoming tired, vigorous in his conversation but the occasional remark about shortness of breath and I offered to arrange a consultation with Cardiologists when he came to Cape Town. It did not happen, as Andre had a massive myocardial infarction after kidney surgery and died very soon.

My last call to his cell phone was taken by Mark and, both a little tearful, we were able to recall our truly fond memories of this wonderful, also another gentle man.



Andre and RDC 2002

Arnold Kaganson



b 22. 2.1945---d 5. 10 .1999

Arnie Kaganson and I met early after my arrival at SACS in 1958, we were interested in cars and cameras, he with a passion for his Yashica, me with a Box Brownie!

We talked often and often in disagreement, both enjoying the Junior Debating and Civic Societies.

He was another in Doodles Biology class with whom I spent time discussing frogs, photos and Ferraris with the licence allowed by Doodles to those who were keeping pace with the work.

As the years went by we maintained contact out of school as he was involved with old cars and had a MG 'A' which was looked after and restored by my friend, master metalworker and eccentric legend Henry van der Merwe and MG master, Peter Jack. Whether it was ever completely refurbished I do not know but it spent years in the basement garage in Hermina Ave, Constantia and he would walk up to our house to see the progress on my vintage Sunbeam or the Ducati, fascinated with my interest in glassfibre and my "Cobra" motorcycle fairing development, later standard fitment on Cop and Military motorcycles -- It was a camaraderie so common to our generation.

He lived a block away from me and Selwyn Kagan when I was living in Venus Ave Constantia in early 1980s and his father's building in Woodstock housed the sailmakers I was using in late 80s, so I often dropped into his office. He was not happy in that office. Coffee at Constantia village was occasional but always about people and cars.

Later we had communication during the preparation for the 1992 reunion as I had many Magazines and old school photographs. We spent time together during that reunion and he produced a worthwhile display with several other photographs I had not seen that he produced of us at school.

I dropped into his office in B Kaganson and Son Building in Woodstock, a stone's throw from the Pyott building (now Old Biscuit mill, designed by my Great grandfather) after that reunion but nobody would tell of his whereabouts so I could not get my photographs. It was a little odd but Ian Centner managed to find most after my call to him.

Eventually on phoning Ian, I was informed of Arnie developing severe diabetes, a reason for his tiredness and weight loss, not just his stress.

Debbie and I found ourselves on Woodstock Main Road about 18 months after the 1992 reunion and by chance saw Arnie standing next to the pillars on the pavement at Victoria Walk. With shrewdness of his own heritage he had secured the landmark shop of the former Eggerts hardware store known to every developer, builder and designer of contemporary Cape Town.

We stopped and he sat in the car with us, with a new vigour but in his usual slow conspiratorial manner he told us of his move away from his father's business to start the retail shoe store beside us and proudly asked us to view his shop.

It was to be cherished because Arnie was totally ingenuous about how after decades he had decided to open his own shoe shop, to walk his own path. He appeared more relaxed and content than I had seen him in years.

It was another serendipitous moment in a chapter of contemporary friends, because we were becoming frank with each other about previous holy cows. A few years after Arnie was deceased, a victim of the all too common unrecognized complications of his disease, finally just a couple of chats at the Hermina Road house when I went to fetch my son.

The family building now only has the logo "Kaganson" and that is a comfort, the original too poignant to glance as one passes.

Brian Ivan Dummer



b 15. 4. 1944 d April 1964

Jock Dummer was one of two fellows in our class who were totally unintrusive, although his was an amazing talent and he an extremely likeable person. He and Earl Pietersen both had an artistic talent expressed in a simple line, both tragically to have their line come to an abrupt full stop before it could weave its spell to the undoubted recognition it would engender. Brian, Jock to most, was in a totally different dimension of talent, a future to be recognized, a talent in drawing and a talent in the performing arts.

Jock was a friend to many in the artistic independent thinking fraternity that was of our era, pre-hippie all had a similar look of chiselled countenance with pale complexion and crew cut, joining these two were Neil Marais and to some extent Tai Krige, genetically with his family talents, later unavoidably to become a major TV director/producer.

Jock was on the magazine committee and excelled in his art, obtaining 100% for his final Matric practical work, submitted to Frank Joubert Art School for assessment—it was a phenomenal achievement and heralded a great future.

Fortunately we still have a couple of examples of his work in the pages of the old Magazines.

Jock lived with his mother in Gardens and was one of many success stories in our time who had single mothers, several as a result of WWII. As with so many single parent families a boarder and like those independent thinkers never far from trouble with Boss.

Jock was a victim of the Military, as in the majority from stupidity and not from any action. He was one of the third quarter intake, based in Oudtshoorn, which was why he died in 1964. In the 1980s I heard the real facts from Colin Proctor who was there, also a victim, in that accident.

Oudtshoorn base had gone to play a rugby match further west on route 62, Jock a spectator. Returning after midnight the Bedford 3 tonners were shunting through the night, apparently racing each other (Colin Proctor), on that old concrete road between Calitzdorp and

Oudtshoorn, when two collided and rolled off into the veldt, canvas tops ripped, the trainees were literally spewn and strewn across that barren dry countryside.

It is a road I travelled often, the ka-klacking of the jointed concretes cadence catching the ear as it changed with rising speed, unmistakably indicating danger in a large army truck. It is a place I love and often spend at Calitzdorp's Redstone but a place of death to us, being the last to see a small plane in heavy cloud (a Riversdale Trainee, named Kruger, and his 3 mates) in 1980, my partner and Marais' friend Alastair on his motorbike in 2003 and several other tales.

Colin told me that the guys were screaming in the bush blackness, no immediate help coming and five died, including poor Jock.

With its usual sensitivity the Army sent Jock's body to Cape Town for the funeral, his belongings stuffed in his duffle bag, the blood stained clothing torn, also dust and oil stained, the first things his poor mother saw when she opened it. Colin was still angry after 25 years.

Jock was an unfulfilled innocent, all of us were trapped in that Broederbond system, some of us fortunate, his was a wasteful, tragic death.

These are but two of his many contributions to SACS Magazine

Pure of line, lifting the mundane, they show the true skill of a consummate artist. One has no authority to compare but the reader should look at early Da Vinci, Picasso and Dali.



Tai Krige, his virtual soulmate at Rosedale remembers:

A great loss indeed. And a man of many talents

Janice Honeyman and my father Uys saw him in a school co-production of Oliver Twist with the girls school down the road..(our motives were totally ulterior I admit)...Brian played the role of the Artful Dodger brilliantly alongside Janice Honeyman, with me as Bill Sykes, both Uys and Janice said he had a wonderful talent for acting, completely ignoring my efforts...Hey it was always for a laugh hey Richard, it was always funny my goodness.....

Fun on weekends

Being a border (sic) at Montebello and then later at Rosedale meant I would 'GO AWOL' as much as possible and if I couldn't make use of John Ince Vespa we would commandeer Brians mothers Ford Prefect "Puddle Jumper"and was it.....but it got us out of jail many times...and free for a while.

John Inces Vespa scooter and the Ford were a conduit to the outside world that lived with their parents in normal nice houses and had families and there were girls.....

The Girls

So we would escape as often as possible to race around to the various drinking holes and noisy but irresistible "sessions" some in Pinelands in a big hall I recall...Strong dance tunes pumping...and with cold Cape winter vibes prevailing..we got back to Rosedale with all the open windows now firmly closed and locked by the ever over-zealous Boss trying and managing to make our lives a misery.

I was determined to at least sleep the last few hours in my own bed and managed to pry open a window to get back into the dormitory.

Jock in his usual ever nonchalant offhanded way decided on a quick-fix rather, by curling up on the back seat of the Boss sedan, conveniently parked outside his flat at the end of the Rosedale building, only to be woken unceremoniously by the Boss et al dressed to the nines, getting into the car to go to Sunday Mass....

Brian had not woken at daylight due to the effects of the previous nights hectic jol at Catacombs, as usual filled with drunken belligerent foreign sailors from heaven knows where....Heady exciting stuff. The jol ended in the clubs car park with an inebriated gent leaning over the front of a pink Cadillac convertible clutching his stomach, the pink paintjob of the bonnet of the Caddy covered in his own shade of pink blood,.....the knifewielding assailant having been thrown to the ground and subdued. We decided to leave.....

The Boss felt, I am sure, he had to make an example of Brian and expelled him immediately as I recall...very extreme action yes and it meant he didn't write his matric exams which he needed to continue his art studies in which he was expected to soar as a fine artist himself...

A shame really. The Boss had won. Again...

The Army

The last I saw of Jock was when he was in the Army on a few days leave and spent some time with us at my folks house in Joburg. I was also in the Army at the A & R Engineers Officers course in Potchefstroom, me captain for the Defense Force rugby team as well as playing for Transvaal so I also was on leave in Jozi.

My mother and my stepfather had totally fallen for his charm and his sweet nature and a week later he was gone.....

.....and so we lost potentially one of the greatest artistic geniuses to be born into this country, his talents and nature wasted in a senseless, reckless travesty.

More than this Tai explains why I could not find Jock in the Matric results—his phenomenal mark in Art gained because this was through the Frank Joubert Art School.

Boss Whiteford had deprived this gentle, vibrant soul of a Matric and further Art study. At the time my father knew the Director of Education, De Villiers, who lived next to Modlins in Alexandra Avenue, Fresnaye, was on OBU committee, and if Tai had told me I am sure something could have been done for poor Jock.

The final insult was the school acknowledging his Art mark in the Magazine after he died but no comment about what really happened.

Just before school closed for Matric study recess Tai, Niel Marais and Jock were seen by Boss three up on a 50cc Zundapp in the school grounds and two castigated in a Prefects meeting, Tai suspended as a Prefect. What happened to Jock later may be in part due to this incident.

Tai writes that as Victor Ludorum and winner of so many awards for sport he did not go to the 1962 prizegiving to collect these.

We all honour what undoubtedly Jock would have been.

Brian Peter Nuttall



b 18.1 . 1945 d 6. 10. 2012 2002

Brian Nuttall was also a Pinelands boy who attended the Blue School there as a junior with so many who came to SACS later.

He was a friend/travelling companion of Warwick Sumption and their group were all associated with my Medical School tutorial companions. He was a quiet, likeable fellow, as a back again in the same rugby teams I played because he was thin, fast and wiry, scoring tries rather often.

At an early stage a very accomplished golfer, winning an interschools foursome with the talented Peter Misplon.

His interest in golf led to him travelling Europe as a caddy for a year in 1972 with an article in SA Golf. Later he played for Mowbray Club, down to a 2 handicap in 1972 and runner up in WP Amateur qualifying rounds that year.

His other sporting interest at school was boxing, started at the latest stage in Matric!

He did post school qualifications in Academic and Professional Diploma to Final Grade and Sales Management, working in the packaging industry, including a couple of years in UK, finally with Multifoil in Johannesburg.

We spent time at the 2002 reunion and again he enjoyed seeing his school friends. He was divorced by 2002 but retired to Hermanus a couple of years ago and had a lady companion.

He was anticipating joining us this year and was one of the first payees.

It was with shock we received a mail from Brian's big buddy Eddie Muller on October 8th 2012 just after Howard, Iain and I had met at WP Cricket Club, to tell us that Brian had suddenly passed away that weekend.

We had been talking about him and his keenness to see all again while he had already passed away. Brian was another of the quiet well liked fellows of our years.

Brian Stewart Chedburn



b 17.8.1944-----d c 1995

Brian Chedburn was one of the first I met on my arrival at SACS, mid Std 6.

Although a desk behind him I had no books and I had to share his desk in the old upstairs A3 classroom. Immediately I realized that he was a special person, totally accommodating, not encumbered with usual embarrassment of being singled out to help the new boy and introducing me to others at break time. I helped Brian with some or other Afrikaans grammar problem and tried to be as low profile as possible.

My comfort zone was shattered the next day as I shared the single desk with Brian when Boss walked in and announced that he had talked with my father at the OBU committee meeting the previous night where he alleged he learned "you are finding A3 a little wanting regarding your intellectual talents, so I am moving you to A2 as I think you might find A1 a large jump with German rather than bookkeeping". As, redfaced, I gathered up my few books, Brian looked at me and just said, "it's OK that's just Boss".

It was not OK as in A2 Boss repeated his comment to all and added that as I had known Nyman for years he was putting me as far as possible from him, ingratiating me to no one in those two classes. Fortunately I came 3rd that term and 2nd at year end in A2 with Brian always asking how things were going.

It was a relationship maintained until the end of his life. Our fathers knew each other, his uncle Ronnie being Commodore of Royal Cape Yacht Club, my father sailing with them occasionally. The Chedburn home in Newlands Avenue was opposite Montebello, its long balcony opening onto the pavement, its steps into the gutter, hewn stones still there today although the house area is overfilled with retaining wall and upper fields of Westerford school. Before the 1960 move to Newlands we often stopped there when my Dad and I were going to rugby, Brian's Dad being a great supporter of all sport, always at the school, always a contributor, in kind with books to the library and his presence.

Brian was in his time one of the great athletes at SACS, top 220 and 440 runner with several wins in interschool competitions as well as at school:

1962: A Blue for Athletics, Bronze for 440 and the dubious Viljoen Cup for “Best Loser in Boxing”. At the time Springbok Centre John Gainsford said, “show me a good loser and I will show you a loser”; His Book Title : “Good Guys come Second”.

So far from the truth in Brian ‘s school sports career.

1963: Captain of Athletics. Victor Ludorum. 220, 440, 880 yds champion. Blue for Athletics. Blue for Rugby. Rosedale prefect.

Throughout school we chatted over issues, although not in the same classes and this continued when we used to bump into each other from time to time after school, on my occasional visits to Forries and I retained my respect for his achievements. There were several who were athletes like Brian who were interested in my cycling training methods and I introduced them to the rigorous cross-training of Australian Percy Cerrutti whom I discovered in a UK magazine—he had trained Herb Elliot and most top Aussie cyclists. Some common ground is not hard to find.

From mid 1980s Brian’s life became quite tragic for a man of such physical and sporting capability. We then saw each other regularly and I received intermittent telephone calls between these visits to his cousin’s home in Avonduur, Pinelands.

Brian had developed what is today called Neuropathic pain—totally debilitating (I have had a lingual nerve injury in 2009 and can confirm this).

He had central abdominal pain, radiating from his back. There are very few organic causes of such pain and these well recognized but although my opinion is that psychogenic pain is the diagnosis of the destitute, Brian was thought by many to have no somatic problem. He saw several physicians, including the very accomplished cardiothoracic surgeon Piet Janson a friend of Johan Pepler’s family, Sakkie Meeuwsen’s cousins, also Groote Schuur Pain Clinic and I inserted a couple of epidurals but he had no medical aid and all was burden to him.

Ian Coutts, then my close friend, was legal advisor to SAFmarine, also related to the household where Brian was living and they allowed Ian to build a small yacht, “Easy Beat”, in the garden so I was often at the house for hours in late 1980s. Brian did not leave his room alongside the garage for years.

However, he was persuaded to attend the 1992 30th reunion. Some have speculated that he spent about 18 years on and off bedridden. Today we have better drugs for this condition but then Brian’s calls became more frequent, more desperate but nothing helped.

Ironical that our friendship had started and then ended in some way around yachts. Brian slowly faded away, with no great single event and one day he was simply gone.



2012 Easy Beat



1963 220 yds Triangular

Christopher John Maughan Brown

b 14. 3. 1946 d 1964

Christopher Brown was in the 1963 class and another I saw around school but did not know. I have searched for photograph and any further information

Howard Joffe remembers that he was pleasant, kind fellow and recalls their being together in Wynberg, No.2 Military Hospital in early 1964.

Apparently Christopher had taken ill and was serious enough to be admitted to Wynberg, being confined to bed when Howard had to walk on those cold linoleum ward floors in the Nissen Huts which were dotted around the camp, overlooking Wynberg Park.

Actually terminally ill as he was, Christopher thought to offer Howard his slippers, a gesture not forgotten and made a week before he died, showing the mettle and consideration of the man.

The Military lost many of our generation through neglect, sadism and incompetence. Although there were visiting physicians of great calibre from the private sector, they too were under pressure from the hierarchy and cover up in Military and Prison Services was common. I worked with Hirsch in PE in 1973, involved in the Biko case, a totally apolitical, gentleman physician. No excuse.

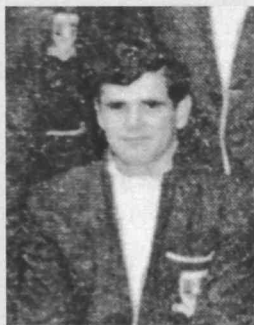
MP "Ozzie" Newton-Thompson son was a well-known Bishops boy and top boxer at school having boxed in Lukin Shield bouts against SACS in early 1960s.

The Grandmother, Joyce, was also known in politics, familiar with Hugh Timoney's father and a former Mayor of Cape Town with a historic home about a kilometre up Newlands Avenue from Forries. My Father was at lunch with Ozzie at the old Stuttafords first floor restaurant when he heard the story of Ozzie's son in Wynberg No.2.

The boy was on dialysis, a peritoneal catheter with no modern machine so common in our ICU today. He had been on a forced run in Oudtshoorn heat and lifted and pushed by non-commissioned instructors until he collapsed of heat stroke with renal failure. In spite of the influential father, leading family background, his ultimate death that month was brushed under the proverbial Broederbond carpet.

Howard felt Christopher had a death due to incompetence and negligence and there were three of us in that hospital in 1963, some from severe infection due to a single needle used along a line of trainees for inoculation. A not uncommon occurrence in those days.

Colin Proctor



b 1944 d about 1995

Colin was one of any Pinelands boys we knew at SACS, Whiteheads, Mills, Bain, Swil, Nuttall, the list goes on and he knew my cousins, although a couple of years older than they who lived lower down in Ajax way, my grandparents in Victory Avenue. I recently anaesthetized another of his friends, Johan van der Spuy whom I knew well in the 1960s. Iain Bain was at Pinelands Blue School with all.

Colin was one of those fellows one respected because of the way he handled himself. He was not an academic but one of the best sportsmen in our classes. In spite of his all round achievements he was not prone to boast or swagger. Impeccably neat, he had boyish good looks and a definite reserved charm.

Those who knew him of my family and friends always liked him and we somehow kept tenuous touch over the years, I recall one night at a party in 1967 at the Schreiber home below the Pinelands Anglican Church, where I first met a coming young rugby wing named H O de Villiers, also from the Blue School and Dale College later.

Colin was in his element that night, his own potential rugby career cruelly cut short in the horrible 1964 Army truck crash near Calitzdorp that cost his mate Jock Dummer his life.

Colin suffered a fractured skull in that accident, the fracture extending into his ear canal. It left him with continual tinnitus and full deafness in his left side and partial in his right. His balance was disturbed for the rest of his life, any sporting greatness left in the Karoo dust.

He was in the Cape Town Highlanders, not surprising with wartime commander Denzil Loveland living nearby, during WWII engaged to my aunt, Denzil and Colin Rotarians both, the Loveland boys a year younger than we. He continued to live in Pinelands throughout his life and had a son and daughter.

He met me occasionally for coffee in Long Street when my rooms were at City Park hospital. In spite of his injuries and the handicap it gave him he took hold of life like his rugby and, with a diploma from the Institute of Marketing Management, became a very successful businessman, owning his own company manufacturing/selling security doors and fences.

As time moved on the tinnitus was becoming unbearable and he complained about the deafness being a great burden, in spite of hearing aids worn for years. We discussed playing “white noise” in any building he occupied but I do not know if he tried. It is to his greatest credit that he achieved so much success in adversity, his perseverance an example to all. He too kept touch with Brian Chedburn, whose ever deteriorating plight was a sadness to us both.

In the 1990s Colin suffered a myocardial infarction and fortunately did not have to suffer years of cardiac failure and continual treatment, like so many of our friends.

Ironic that for his single greatest achievement in 1992 he wrote “being able to live this long”—sincerely, after the horror and sequelae of his 1964 crash.

Colin Temple



b 1946 d 1.1.1961

Colin Temple was one of those tragedies resulting that one often ponders the reasons why we are on this earth at all, so short was his tenure.

Those of us that knew him must be thankful for the time we spent together. Although a class below mine—he would have finished in the 63 group—he played rugby in our group and was also in the teams I played. I have vivid recall of practices at Leeuwendal, Colin something of a gentle giant at lock, somehow larger than pictures show. There was one day we were fooling around and I was severely admonished by Basson for boxing his ears and possible drum damage although Colin wore a “scrum cap” (ear muffs) and I knew his disposition would not let him retaliate. He and I used to rush there early to enjoy the supersmooth slippery cricket pitch which in the wet was the second type of “foofie slide” (non-aerial)—so dangerous to fall and break a neck but we were young.

We both lived on the Sea Point side, Colin’s family home on the Green Point end of Ocean View Drive, so shared lifts and buses were the norm. Once at Newlands he moved into Michaelis Boarding House but we still went to Rocklands Beach together.

Likeable, tall, a mother’s idea of a goodlooking boy for her daughter, popular and from what I heard and read in his school obituary he was a more than capable student. Potentially a boy with a wonderful future.

It was devastating to read in the Cape Times at the beginning of January 1961 that Colin had been killed at Simondium, coming from a camping trip with friends at Fransch Hoek. The car had rolled, Colin flung out, peculiarly just after midnight on New Years day 1961, killed almost instantly.

There are slim notes in the magazines of 1961 and poignant is the entry that his loving parents had donated a chair to the Hofmeyr Hall in his name, at that time for One pound 17/6! He was 15 years old.

Denis Krupp



b 1945 d 23. 7 2007

Denis Krupp was one of several who started at SACS and left when the school moved to Newlands. He was until then a truly SACS boy, having been at the Junior School as well.

He travelled with us to Sea Point on the single decker Oranjezicht tram then High Level Rd bus from Goolams in Wale Street, or quite often walked with us to the Sea Point Trackless tram major stop outside the Waldorf Restaurant in St Georges Street. We always got on and I regularly saw him at Sea Point Boys HS after he transferred-- at plays and fetes, as we lived across the road, so many of my friends were there and I had been at the SP Junior school. He lived in Sea Point in Bellevue Road an area so familiar to my family for 130 years, where we and so many SACS boys lived.

Denis entered accounting and his photograph comes from one of the Sea Point newspaper committee sent by my friend Willem Werth, headboy in 1963, and includes Tony Shapiro, another who left then later took over Technical Books and I tried to support as much as possible, remaining a good friend, and many others who were associated with us SACS boys—Bowman, whose family owned the Metropole Hotel and Sufretta flats in Bantry Bay, Graham Michael, MD of Heynes Matthews, Ronnie Cohen, who studied with me, now in Harley street, Gordon Chait who lived near Ginsbergs and was at Kindergarten with Jonathan Lurie and the rest of us, Gordon now in Scottsdale in ENT where Willem lives. We were all passing in different phases, in Sea Point, all still good acquaintances as in the picture below.

As a Chartered Accountant Denis entered the corporate world and was fortunate to join Aaron Searll's Seardel group where he was responsible for major accounting and became financial director in several of the group subsidiaries. He was another of our associates who was extremely successful in his chosen profession, being with the Group for over 30 years.

Aaron Searll lived near my Claremont home, a block from the above Willem Werth in Torquay Avenue in the 1980s and also I was privileged to care for him in ICU in his final illness two years ago. Denis could not have chosen a more pleasant and amicable employer.

Joan Krupp writes:

Denis Krupp was without doubt, first and foremost a proud husband and father, loving his wife and children very dearly. He was a genuine and wonderful lifelong friend, faithful to all, till the end.

He was an incredibly enthusiastic person, had a great sense of humour and enjoyed life to the full. Denis loved all sports and played excellent rugby, both at school, and thereafter at Hiddingh Hall where he studied part time to become a CA. He joined the Seardel Group, soon after qualifying and was appointed Financial Director of various companies within the Group, over a 30 year period.

Denis was a wonderful son and was always incredibly proud of his family roots in Piketberg. He would recount the wonderful memories of his youth, before coming to Cape Town to finish his schooling. He was very popular throughout his school and working career.

His son Greg, is today, the Financial Director, of Protea Hotels, and his daughter Kara-Lee, is the Senior Shoe Buyer with the Woolworths Group.

A jootjie van die platteland through and through.

Trust this assists you.

The former Superintendent of Groote Schuur Hospital, Hannah Reeve-Sanders was another "jootjie" from Piketberg and I still see her, last year having looked after her brother in law in ICU, who has returned to Cape Town as former US cardiologist. Small country



Sea Point BHS Newspaper Committee 1962

T: Graham Michael (CEO Heynes Mathews) Jimmy Cochrane (Scout with Cooke Modlin Sher Ginsberg) Johny Bowman (Kings Road JS with Cooke Nyman etc, family owned Metropole Hotel) DENIS KRUPP Gordon Chait (at school with all at Mrs Inglesby' and Kings Road JS, same scout troop, ENT in Scottsdale AZ))

S: Willy Thomas (Quant Survey and part of group) Ronnie Cohen (Anaesthetist Harley St, father owned Kei Apple Grove Hotel behind Zuckerman & near Ginsberg and others) Victor Press (Texas dentist) Tony Shapiro (ex SACS, Technical Books) Willem Werth (Headboy 1963, Acct, Financier, Scottsdale AZ, Cooke --godfather to son)

F: Ivan Kessler

Dennis Veall

b 1945 d mid 2000s

Dennis Veall was with us for a short while, leaving in Std 7.

He was another of the single mother families, his father having been one of the Sea Point Vealls associated with my mother's family.

When I arrived in A2 I was immediately placed in front of him during my first ever Bookkeeping (half) lesson by Geoff Dennis. My desk almost at the teachers table and me trying to look unobtrusive I was pleased Dennis was tallish, although not a Watermeyer who sat in front of Hopkins and Nyman against the wall.

Dennis lived in Muizenberg and had a full day travel to and from school on bus and train. He was struggling a bit, not least because of a perpetual tiredness in the six months I knew him. As a result I helped him with work but he made a fatal error in not preparing a talk for Basson's English class on space travel hazards, virtually copying my talk verbatim.

What followed was the most vicious attack I have ever seen as Dennis was made to stand next to Basson and each word he muttered which corresponded received a sadistic hit on his calf with a duster by the very physical Basson. He persevered for fifteen minutes and finished his talk, by then his leg a massive haematoma, tears welling he did not even sniff.

He did not come to school for at least two days and we had a discussion on his return. He did not want to disappoint his mother who wanted the best for her son but feared for his future at SACS.

I had tremendous admiration for this boy who did not show and would not give Basson the satisfaction of seeing his pain.

With my knowledge of muscle crush injury, protein damage and potassium overload today, I realize that this bleed into his leg was a very serious injury for a twelve year old. It made me wary of Basson at the time.

There was one incident where the young Veall caught me, also in Geoff Dennis class—a 12 year old's stupid dare that I would not touch Geoff's coat as he stood facing the class. Wanting to be accepted, I got as close as I could and then Dennis Veall gave a slight push and I ended up touching Geoff's buttock. I believed that end was my end—never before but that morning Geoff turned around and bookkeeping text book was smacked about my head as I cowered on the desk.

Nothing was said, only the two Dennis' knew what had happened. Years later I became quite friendly with Geoff, he was with Nancy Rowland involved in Scripture Union and a very proper, believing man. We stayed associated as he lived in Springbok Road where houses are now R10 million apiece, next to several people I knew well (Russo, Dreosti) and I called on him when passing home from Varsity. The incident was never mentioned but I felt extremely guilty later as at the time I did not know that Geoff had lost an infant daughter during the holidays, not needing any frivolous stress. Dennis Veall found it hugely funny and could not laugh but it gave us a small conspiracy.

A few years ago I saw a Dennis Veall death in the obits and an uncommon name it had to be our Dennis. I was sad we had not met again.

The "incident" with Basson could only have contributed to his leaving pretty soon.

Earl Theodore Pietersen

b 6. 11.1943 d about 1968

Earl does not appear on the 1962 E3 photograph, he is on no photograph I can find, those I have spoken to ask me who he is for they cannot recall him. Earl is on the class register for E3, he is on the Matric pass list and I remember him well, well as well as anyone!

He was older than most of us, achieved a first class JC and easily coped through school and Matric but chose a low profile.

Like Jock Dummer, a pale, crewcut, artistic genius, Earl lived in a lane called Gresham Road off Rhine Road in Sea Point a block from our home. It was like Earl, a modest narrow ambulatory lane giving the necessary access but nothing else. He travelled with me to school on the buses, occasionally with Keith Kendal but was not part of our lives, nor extramural activity.

In so many ways he was like Jock (for those who need a hanger for any thought), a single mother, a small house in what was in those days the modest area of Sea Point where we lived. His background was Scandinavian, Danish from what I recall, but he was the ultimate private individual, more than the normal Scandinavian trait suggests. He had the greatest respect and care for his mother, his pride in her sacrifice and work to ensure his education and comfort often mentioned.

We both drew and that was what we discussed, he occasionally, coming down the road to call but always about schoolwork or drawings. There were several occasions when he came riding with me on my old BSA road racing bike and could quite easily manage the runs up to Hout Bay or even climbing the hills of Green Point when I took my trackbike. Although there was much social activity in the suburb around his home and we all went to Rocklands or Boat Bay together, Earl always declined.

One day I read a newspaper report that Earl had been killed in a car accident, no detail, just gone and we had lost touch. I believe he wanted it that way, not to be a nuisance to anybody.

Edward Lifson



b 1945 d 18, 4, 2008

Eddie Lifson is someone I saw so intermittently, so uninvolved with his personal and family life yet someone I have always called a friend.

We met early at SACS, he having started at the old Junior School and also a "Four School" pupil but more so a "Five School" pupil because after he "just dopped" Std 9, quoting his wife Estelle, he moved to Cape Town High in the old Junior School for his Matric year.

We played in the same rugby teams, Eddie with his size, like Mike Gersholowitz, always a protecting influence for my provocative attitude. He was like others here far more skilled than masters gave credit. He loved his rugby and after school it was a natural progression to Gardens Rugby Club, where my father had played in the 1930s, Johan Pepler, Sakkie's cousin, and so many other SACS boys. Eddie had several games for the first team, sadly no longer the great club that won the league way back in 1927, with Willie Werth as wing, an old SACS boy and father of my friend Willem, Sea Point Head Boy in 1963 who supplied me with a little of the photographs and information on our friends who had finished at Sea Point, grandfather of my godchildren .

Eddie somehow had belief after I stopped racing bicycles that I should join him at Gardens and I still recall the conversation outside Goodall's Honda shop in Bree Street, still talking as we went to coffee opposite the old St John's Church in Waterkant Street, where I later used to go with Colin Proctor.

Eddie was the son of Frank and Esther Lifson. His father a pharmacist with a Mill Street landmark pharmacy, Lifson and Chin, a block from Keslin's Avalon Hotel and Chait's International Hotel, David Bossenger living just below . The family home was in Vredehoek Avenue, Vredehoek. Not far from Saadiens and Gersholowitz.

Esther was another mother involved with Tuck Shop and fund raising, down to earth, adored by the boys and mothers, most never knowing her husband's successful business. Eddie had her modesty.

Frank was generous in his part-time employing young ex-SACS boys with Pharmacy qualifications as they studied further. Two notables were Harold Spilg, a well known surgeon and Joselle Ruben, who did neurosurgery and assisted my supporters for years. Jo's father, an accountant, boxed

successfully professionally under the nom de guerre of “Kid” Lewis, according to Jo because of the early 20th century bigotry against Jews.

Eddie did not ever profess to being an academic and was totally open that study was not in his psyche, however becoming a successful printer and associated with leading firms like Mills and Butcher.

Eddie’s wife Estelle has worked for my great friend and Orthopaedic surgeon Jason Sagor, son of the Riversdale Trading father for many years. This allowed us to keep in touch and occasional social contact . I anaesthetized his aunt for cardiac issues about ten years ago.

The last time I saw him was at Jason’s sixtieth at Durbanville, five years ago, a warm, happy day, almost exactly a year before his death.

Eddie, like so many of us chose his parents and ethnicity badly and with his weight was a sitting target for the cholesterol and Myocardial Infarction that took him away suddenly in April 2008.

Estelle Lifson and Jason Sagor 20th April 2007



Hi Richard,

Thanks for the tribute to Eddie and here are a few thoughts and feelings of mine

Whenever we went out, be it at movies, out for dinner, for a walk, at an airport, Eddie would bump into someone he knew. He was that kind of person, so likeable . There were no airs and graces, “what

you saw was what you got". He was not out there to impress anyone. I sometimes used to cringe when he would walk into Pick n Pay or wherever and he had on his work clothes, all greased with ink and stains.- It didn't bother him!!

He was so unmaterialistic- he always said, a roof over his head, a plate of food, his family - he was king!!

Eddie had a lovely voice and from singing in the shower progressed to singing in the Millnerton Synagogue Choir, which he enjoyed so much

He enjoyed gardening, fishing (though I cannot recall him ever bringing a fish home for supper!) rugby and braaing. Eddie never rushed a braai. When we used to go out for braais with friends when our son, Farrel was young, we were always the last to eat. He was a master braaier, always with a beer in hand which got added to the braai, he never had a flop!!

Not a man of many words, Eddie was so proud of his son's achievements and was so happy to see his son (and only child!) get married. Farrel (named after Eddie's dad, Frank) only started to "party" in his second year at varsity and Eddie's comment when Farrel came home drunk for the first time was "He's coming right!!"- He had a great sense of humour!!

There are so many good memories and stories to tell of our "gentle giant" as he was referred to by all.

He is sorely missed

Estelle

Frank Reginald Kruger

b 9. 12. 1945 d about 11.9.2006

Frank Kruger was a boy I did not know but saw him about the school and do not recall any conflict or poor memory of him.

Howard Joffe was aware he was living in Melkbosstrand and had died a few years ago.

This was confirmed by his wife Lynda recently. Howard reports that she is not well either.

Frank had had several strokes and been paralyzed for over seven years.

He was 61 years old.

Glenn Michael Alberts



b 21. 6.1946 d August 1965

Glenn Alberts was someone whom I did not visit after school, a year behind my class, different rugby teams and younger. In spite of this I always regarded him as a friend.

Because of my friendship with Andy Weeber, who played rugby with our group but was in Glenn's class, I got to know him after Andy arrived from the German School. By 1962 the three of us were in the Cadet Band and spent a great deal of time together, particularly as the Buglers, these two, the Wright brothers and Graham Lunow were in the row behind me.

He was another popular *Golden Boy*--Prefect, First Team Rugby, Band, E1 class, First Class JC—his laugh worthy of comment in the magazine. Glenn found pleasure in most things, his laugh part of his persona and he and Andy seemed to have much in common and life was for living, Andy telling me years later Ricky Garratt was also part of their group, Mark Duckitt and Bruce Ginsberg. Really *golden boys* all, with potentially wonderful futures, that was proven by the survivors, particularly Garratt, if you know his story. Andy Weeber paid his way through Stellenbosch Medical School by stoking the Grabouw steam train three nights a week, today with a champagne farm in Kent, many homes and is a retired orthopaedic surgeon.

For Glenn there is only speculation left. Members of his class tell me he was voted one of those most popular and likely to succeed. As a younger lead bugler and in conversations I found Glenn with a maturity developed at a young age already.

Although a far better rugby player than I, he played in an Old Boys game with me and Ian Meaker.

We had contact during the couple of years before he died and here the reader must bear with my reminding of the times.

In the 1960s there was no television, no "Clubs" (other than Catacombs, Navigator's Den and other questionable, if interesting, venues), there was no waterfront, no computer. We had "the Pig", Forries and other relatively respectable pubs, the Clifton Hotel, the Kings Hotel, popular with no cover charge, the Milroy and, quite an adventure, the Blue Moon hotel at Lakeside, Hops at Fish Hoek-- Beatles blaring, Stones were jumping and Cliff played on.....and on.

We had cheap fuel, cheap cars, tolerant parents, parties and friends with "digs" in cheap flats. These flats were in Foxlee Court Observatory, Bruce Ginsberg's family blocks in Chester road, Rondebosch and Andy Weeber's shared first floor flat above the Barracuda Restaurant in Central Stellenbosch, gathering place of the future cream of South African rugby players, lawyers and other professionals.

There were Braais in The Glen, Hout Bay Disa River, Oudekraal and Hohenhort riverbed. Constantia was farm area with "Volkshuisies" let to students and young doctors.

Finding entertainment was easy, a visit to College House (KAK----Kaal ass Klub started there 1966), Smuts Hall or any other residence and one found what was termed "the Action". All schools were represented in this ebb and flow of youthful hormonal intensity.

Occasionally there were visits to more formal parties by invitation but most of us sent blanket invitations or were accepted on arrival, often with a host's apology for not making contact as we were all known, often travelling from party to party, occasionally even to Stellenbosch, no speed limits on open roads until 1967-- Several of us with Minis, Fords all with M3 cams and open exhausts, the more affluent with an Alfa which arrived and idled outside to make a challenge.

It is important that the reader understand the *milieu* of young people's lives then because we all worked hard, played sport and partied with equal release, associated with serious rocky relationships—all the backdrop of the terrible night of Glenn's death.

We moved in the same circles at that time just before his death and hardly a month went by without us spending short time together. Neither of us drank very much, myself not at all because I had access to my father's fast cars and still raced bicycles, training early mornings, Glenn with his older girlfriend.

In 1965 Glenn was 19 years old and involved with a girl a few years older than he at 22.

Late in that August I was at a party at the Walton house in Newlands Road Claremont when Glenn arrived late from another party as I was talking to Rondebosch BHS old boy "Curly" Burton. He was quite distressed and agitated telling me how he had had a serious discussion with his girlfriend and she was adamant that their age difference was a stumbling block to the relationship continuing, cutting it earlier. Apparently also he was distressed that he had lost face with friends.

We talked it over briefly, like so many I had my own issues that night, his situation a common one, but as always regrets today because I missed any signs of intent to act on his major event. He left the party.

What Glenn did the next hour is not known, about 0130 his Mini (dark blue to my best recall) was found in the then accessible pine forest picnic spot immediately above Mostert's Mill on De Waal Drive in the dark trees, hosepipe from exhaust, no note reported, Glenn already past resuscitation. I must have driven by a little later as my girlfriend lived opposite Groote Schuur Hospital. The event was always eerie to me, always questioning my timing, always the "what if" again, such vivid recall.

He was guarded by a policeman until the Forensic Police could investigate the next morning and this individual rifled his wallet, pocketed his watch and removed anything of value from the car. He was eventually prosecuted.

For years we sadly recalled Glenn and his unnecessary extreme action when the cause was to us a common part of growing up.

As with our speculation on Michael Bond it was a far more complex issue, we were so far from the truth.

After an initial conversation with John Ince after his knee replacement, plus his earlier stroke, we slowly ambled to Newlands Rugby Railway Stand at the beginning of the century, he telephoned me about issues that had come to light when discussing the old band group while we had walked.

It was a devastating disclosure and part of a larger picture painted by John. Those many who revere John will know he did not speak about serious issues lightly and once he had moved into his deeper, measured tone, one listened.

About Glenn's death, it was the first that night he found important enough to telephone, disclose and discuss. Tragically it fitted with the possibly defensive flippant observations about teachers in tents and hands slipping from gear knobs in overfilled cars, explaining the rationalization of Glenn 40 years earlier.

John explained that in his opinion Glenn had minor issues with his ladyfriend, alleging it was part of a bigger picture of his abuse over years at school and he had counselled Glenn on several occasions, even after Matric. He believed that feelings of unworthiness and irrational doubts of manhood had played a major part. I could hear the deep angry concern about this matter as we talked on.

Unless one has had exposure to abuse it is not easy to believe the subtlety, nuances and guilt feelings associated, particularly with the mores and restrictions of our generation where those in authority fobbed it off or ignored the reports. John explained how he had met such a wall when dealing with issues at SACS. The first question always asked is, "Did

you lead him on”—a vehement response is usually met with “that is how you react in court” but some will always consider and even wonder if they have their own doubts.

John Ince deserved all the respect mustered over his life of service, Glenn Alberts deserves our thoughts and sadness that neither he nor John could find someone else also who could find a way to support, reassure and rid him of the problem-- an impossibility in those years.

Juxtaposed, confirming, I could believe it all.



Glenn and Gordon Wright



The Times--In the Glen-Camps Bay



John Ince



Elma, my girlfriend, unknowing--- the day after Glenn died

Gordon Sutherland Wright



b 8. 4. 1945 d 5. 5. 2007

Gordon “Pinkie” Wright, named not because of his being a little digit but because of his propensity to become more like a cooked lobster in any sun exposure, was one of several brother combinations in our years, Michael being older but both in E2 together.

He was always a fellow one could rely on for a mischievous action to bring humour to any situation. We met in the A classes and although a boarder he hung around at the back of the block adjacent to Hiddingh art school with the group containing Briner and others who engaged in spitting competitions in the fenced alley, next to the road into the campus/Little Theatre area. He was to be admired with a good length and pretty straight—little did I know how I was to suffer later!

Quite soon we were off to Leeuwendal field for rugby practice and there we seemed to practice in the same teams, Gordon usually making a B Team, sometimes playing with us in the C teams and in Matric a regular in 2nd team. Travelling with him was always enjoyable and quite simply ‘fun’ with humorous observations on everything from the state of conversation to the “chicks” on the pavement.

He came to SACS from some finite but distant northern African country like Northern Rhodesia or Transvaal originally, in those days before the global village arrived. He had tales of travelling on trains and holidays away from Cape Town and one had some envy of his experiences.

Once we were in Matric we were permanent members of John Ince’ Military Cadet Band and the intensity and enthusiasm of John turned us into a group totally committed, resulting in most of us tackling the competitions as one, the long marches through the streets of Newlands an adventure, carrying instruments and spending hours cleaning and polishing equipment in the band room, always eased by the humour of Gordon, cynicism of Graham Lunow and cockiness of Andy Weeber, buglers all.

Being the Bass Drummer I suffered carrying that drum around past Sansouci, Vineyard hotel and up Paradise Road. The more my shoulders hurt, the more cadence quickened with buglers cursing between solos and here I learned the accuracy and production of gob by Gordon behind the old school was a practised art. Usually behind were Gordon or Andy, occasionally Graham and I soon learned to handle the wet smacks as bugles were swung from mouth to hip between sets and it slowly ran down my neck. Vengeance for causing a sudden difficult tonguing with quickening beat. Of such are companionships formed for years, Andy and I working in practice together until he emigrated in the 1990s, living half a block apart.

We travelled to parties after displays and practices all over, often to John Ince' mother's home at Greenacres just behind Jan van Riebeeck School, Gordon usually in that black and white Mercury of my father as we all overloaded it to the hilt, instruments in that cavernous boot. Fond memory.

It remains a simple assessment that Gordon was a very well liked fellow.

We did not see each other after school. At the end he was working for Chevron, at the time he was killed in Cameroon.

There are several reports of that accident, as always on a date to remember, just after midnight of 4-5th May 2007, my and my wife Debbie's birthdays.

It was another 'if only' unnecessary, futile death, which one could hardly call an accident. Gordon was on business for Chevron, in some articles involved in aid work, and I can recall the initial reports that he was missing, hoping, like his family expressed, that he would be found because it was 48 hours before fishermen and hunters led authorities to the crash site in a mangrove swamp just 3 miles from Douala airport in Cameroon.

The entire affair was a tragedy of errors. The Air Kenya Boeing 737-800 was only 6 months old, left Johannesburg for Ivory Coast, Cameroon, then destined for Nairobi. It was photographed as it left O R Tambo Airport.

The pilot was assessed by Kenya airlines as being barely adequate and headstrong, described as, "but acceptable". The midnight at Douala was foul, lashing tropical rain and a Cameroon and a Moroccan flight with the same aircraft type both opted not to leave. There was no clearance for the Kenya plane to leave in the pitch black stormy night but the pilot decided to go, overriding his co-pilot. Horrific in the reports and inquests, even in UK years later, are that this pilot had difficulty in procedure and emergency situations. The black box (CFR) was sent to Canada for the benefit of Anglo-French language being used later (US, UK, Kenya, Francophone Cameroon), victims' DNA to "neutral" Bosnia!

Gordon is listed as one of 7 South Africans of the 114 killed, the plane buried 15 metres in the rank mangrove swamp, only 20 bodies recovered. He is on the list of a group claim being made for families by a UK lawyer in Chicago against Boeing.

The CFR showed no control by pilots nor autopilot for 55 seconds when the pilot increased the bank to the right, while correctly the co-pilot tried to turn left, their final words-- "We are crashing", "Yes we are going to crash".

There was no radar in Douala, the plane near the airport for 48 hours before being approached.

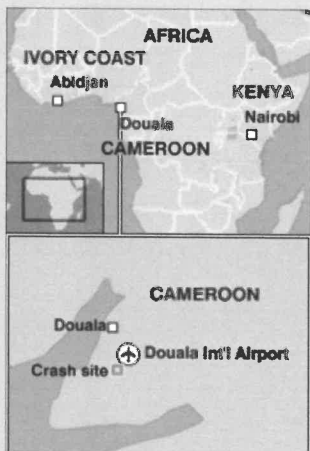
There is another bizarre parallel in this to the death of the fourth (lead) bugler behind me in 1962, Glenn Alberts, whose body was looted by the policeman guarding him in August 1965. The tragic reports of families visiting the crash site in Cameroon and afterwards that they received virtually no belongings, only an empty looted wallet, no cameras, no money, no watches.

No reminding that we live in Africa.

For those who do not know, Gordon did not enjoy the "Pinkie" moniker and often warned he would clip someone who used it!

There is consolation only from investigators who insist the passengers would not have realized they were crashing as the plane was only 1000 feet up and just rolled over slowly to the right.

Ad Astra Gordon, you were a great companion.



Cameroon Crash site



Kenya Airways 737-800 leaving JHB 2007 (Wikipedia)



Band Competition 1962 : Buglers: Alberts. Wright G. Wright M. Weeber and Lunow obscured

2nd row drummers: Pitwood. Smuts (obsc) Cooke.

Ian Andre Scheepers



B 11. 1. 1945 d 30. 7.1993

Ian Scheepers came to SACS in our Std 7 (B1) year. His father was a school principal and to the best of my recall had recently been appointed to Headship of one of the Milnerton schools from South West Africa (Namibia). He was very proud of this as well as his Afrikaner heritage, regarding the teaching profession as unappreciated, particularly financially.

His major interest at School was Rugby and he was a regular in B and A Teams, in Matric captaining the Second Fifteen. Extremely stockily built and about 5'3" at the time he was a forerunner to the power Props of the "Mighty Mouse" MacLoughlin brigade that the bulked up 6' 4" Derek van den Berg explained to me were so difficult after the 1974 Lions series.

He was also a Cadet Officer, obtaining the Cup for the Keenest Cadet. This was an issue between us because he took this far too seriously, haranguing me about my uniform incomplete before a parade when I was rushing to get to the Band Room, next to Bookkeeping class, to dress in all the skins and paraphernalia. We were both Prefects at the time and I found it all rather amusing, Cadets being so inconsequential and part of the Government control of minds.

In spite of his trumpet he only managed a second class Matric but then became very successful after school in his field. The Military was always of import to him and one must question whether it was the well documented authority the uniform and commission bestowed.

Foreign to most of us he actually volunteered to be a piece of the Part-time Military, a Major from 1976 to 1990 in South West Africa—my wife Debbie nearby in Etosha with the Parks Board during the Swapo period, SWA Administrator Judge "Smiley" Steyn was the Uncle of good friend of mine, Tai and Neil Marais-- Anton Ferreira (whom I anaesthetize tomorrow January 21st 2013!) .

Ian was a respected Veterinarian, obtaining his B.V Sc. (Pretoria) in 1967, with my ex-wife's relative and SAN Midshipman course colleague of Ian Centner, Noel Mills and myself, Bishop's Glyn Catton.

He was SWA State Veterinarian at Gobabis, Kaokoland and Omaruru between 1968 and 1975, when he joined Omru Feeds, in 1980 Chairman of the Dairy Co-op and finally State Vet in Omaruru in 1981 again. After independence he was involved in establishing Tourism and was Chairman Namibia Tourism and Publicity from 1986.

Almost like those in Medicine his life was about his Veterinarian (Vet) Profession—Chairman of Vet Association of Namibia, President of Vet Council of Namibia and on the executive of the Namibia Agricultural Union—all for several years tenure.

He entered politics just after our reunion in 1992, standing for the DTA Party in the Erongo Region, being recorded in the Namibia Gazette of December 7th 1992 as obtaining 1153 votes to the SWAPO candidate, Hongoze's, winning 1340 and the UDF' Gaomab's 410 votes.

He was like Jackie Pretorius brutally murdered, apparently in his home in Omaruru, soon after on July 30th 1993, according to Namibian Gazette, no 724, his estate no 404/93.

He was not married.

It was an unholy end to a man so skilled who gave so much to his beloved country.

Omaruru honoured him with a Road in his name—Dr Andre Scheepers Drive/Road, of enough importance in that little town to be currently undergoing tarring. For those who have lived in Northern Namibia there is probably no greater respect than this.

Ian was his own man, in the US he would be considered a "Jock", lived his life well and was highly successful.

Quoting Mike Gersholowitz: straight forward and sincere guy with values. Unlike many (sic) in our class he had principle as a compass to live by.

Ian Derwent Meaker



b 7. 8. 1946----d 22. 3. 1969

Ian Meaker was a Rosedale prefect and a member of several teams, swimming, rugby and also a Bisley shottist. We played an Old Boys game in 1964.

We travelled often to sports meetings and spent many moments chatting at various galas while waiting for our races or relay races.

He was one of those whom one instinctively trusted and liked, coming from a family of competent and achieving individuals. His father Jack was a respected and capable, decorated SAAF pilot in WW II, as was his uncle. Later as SAA pilots they were the first to pilot the new Boeing 747, his dad one of the flight who piloted the demonstrations and later transport of SAA and SARH management (including my late father-in-law, SARH GM Johan Hugo).

During the War he had piloted a captured Italian Savoia 133 bomber from Mogadishu (with Capt v Vliet, 1941), at a point with Mrs Smuts, wife of the then Prime Minister. Ian was proud of his father, after SAA going into the liquor industry, making purchase of Pine Lake Marina a logical transition, opening "Johnnies Tavern" in memory of his faithful worker, John Solomons. Its early Nissen Huts and forests made for reasonable holidays alongside the Vlei at Sedgefield.

At school Ian was quite popular because his cousin, Moya Meaker, was the 1959 Miss World, often mistaken as his sister. The Landstem/Sunday Times papers at the time reported that she was involved with a SACS matric pupil who later became a leading advocate.

Ian was for two years a SA Navy diver and went into geological marine research.

Ian's death was a shock to those of us who still saw each other after school, Naval association and occasionally dropped into Forries, keeping touch.

There were conflicting reports of his death in an explosion in the Far East in 1969—whether quayside when a ship's tank's exploded (Cape Town media) or at sea.

Purely by chance I mentioned him to a surgeon I work with to discover that Ian's older sister, Wendy, had been married to this surgeon's brother, John, also a surgeon with whom I worked in Casualty in 1971, not knowing the connection to Ian.

The events of his death were learned firsthand a couple of months before this surgeon died on his birthday 10/11/12 in Charleston, South Carolina where he worked in charge of US VA Hospitals.

Ian had visited John Allison, then a GP in Mount Fletcher, and Wendy just before leaving for the Far East/Australia in 1969.

There was a deepsea pipe from the 160 ton American geophysical exploration vessel, Western Spruce, with an Oxygen attachment fed from a large deck cylinder on Portside with Propane on Starboard. It was intended to make underwater explosions for seismic readings. To those of us who work with gases, Oxygen and petroleums have a wide stoichiometric range—there was trouble opening the iced valve and it broke as it was hit with a large wood piece, oxygen spewing onto the diesel covered deck. There was a massive explosion and poor Ian was blown apart, no body recovered. This was March 22nd 1969. Two others were killed on the road tanker discharging the oxygen quayside at Port Welshpool, Gippsland. The inexperienced skipper with not even a Navigation Certificate, only a limited pilotage certificate for Torres Strait had held no fire drill, crew told to run ashore if the valve changed to 65 (?PSI)--Just another of so many needless deaths of our fellows.

In the early seventies his younger sister, Penny, was a theatre nurse at Groote Schuur, now in New Zealand, and she put me in touch with his father in Sedgfield and for years we stayed in his chalets and dropped in on motorcycle trips. He was unhappy to speak of Ian, his only son, but appreciated the contact.

I often thought of Ian and the quirky accident as years before there had been that loved labourer, Johnnie, at the Pine Lake home who had managed to throw an exploding gas cylinder out of the kitchen preventing an earlier tragedy, hence "Johnnies Tavern".

Survey skipper tells of blast that killed three.

No fire drills on death ship

The master of the seismic survey ship Western Spruce told a Marine Court of Inquiry yesterday that no fire drills were carried out before explosions destroyed the ship on March 22.

John Henry Howard, seaman, of Alabama, USA, said that no one on the ship had been instructed on safety precautions for loading liquid oxygen.

The Western Spruce was ripped open by a series of explosions while taking on liquid oxygen at Port Welshpool.

Three men — a ship's crewman and the crew of a road tanker which was discharging the liquid oxygen — were killed.

Judge Dunn, sitting with three assessors, is inquiring into the causes of the disaster.

Howard told the court he was employed by the Western Geophysical Company of America, owners of the Western Spruce. He held a mate's licence issued by the United States Coast Guard for ships up to 300 tons.

Seepage

He became master of the 160-ton Western Spruce in Devonport, Tasmania, about the beginning of this year.

Howard said there had been no allocation of duty between the ship's crew and the seismic crew in the event of fire.

No fire drill had been carried out while he was master, and the crew had not been instructed on precautions when loading liquid oxygen.

Asked by Mr. W. Kaye,



manded a ship of 160 tons. He had never taken a course in navigation, and he had had no knowledge of liquid oxygen.

Earlier, Mr. Kaye told the court in his opening address that liquid oxygen was stored in a deck tank of 2000 U.S. gallons on the port side of the Western Spruce.

Propane was stored in a tank of about the same size on the starboard side.

The gases were combined for firing aqua-pulse guns in the sea for taking seismic readings.

The ship also carried 12 44-gallon drums of lubricating oil and 30,000 gallons of diesel.

The liquid oxygen was highly shock-sensitive and was an extreme detonation hazard.

It caused metal to crack by absorbing heat out of it.

Propane was highly inflammable, having a flash point of less than 150 deg. Fahrenheit.

Off the map

Mr. Kaye said the ship

to Kelly: "If this stuff goes off it will blow Portland off the map."

"If that gauge goes over 65 get the hell off the ship. Don't wait for anything."

Shocks

Mr. Kaye said Kelly had had "some shocks."

One night, when the gauge exceeded 58 lb. and he could not get it down, he had gone ashore to get another man who had opened a valve which brought the pressure down.

On the last occasion when Kelly had acted when Kelly acted as watchman he had opened this valve when the pressure was between 68 and 69 but had been unable to reduce it.

After running ashore and reporting to the Western Geophysical Company office he returned to the ship and a crewman named Adams struck one of the valves with a piece of wood. The pressure came down.

Mr. Kaye said it could be concluded that one of the valves had been encrusted with ice. (He had explained that various Alaska bluffs

Inquest report "The Age" Melbourne May 20th 1969

Jackie Pretorius



b 1945 d mid 1970s

Jackie Pretorius was one of those quiet boys who was always a part of one's life to the extent that there was nothing unique other than his being extremely likeable.

I first met him at Long Street Baths in 1956, close to and yet my life still not part of SACS. We were swimming for Gordons after my father's friend Arthur Abelsohn, WP Schools Boxing president, had persuaded us to change to Gordons after a holiday at Wilderness together. Irvin Modlin and I had been swimming for Viking, formed when coach Fialkov had left Union Club.

Jackie and I just started training together, meeting on Saturday mornings as Hungarian Coach, Clara Auric pushed us on. He was one who convinced me to get my father to eventually send me to SACS.

Jackie was one of a number of SACS boys there including Maccabi Gerald Saltman and his sister, Peter Gold, also to be in our rugby teams and his sister Ann. We had regular Thursday night galas and Peter Berry still swam for Union with Brass and Kershaw. Also at Union of course, Rondebosch BHS' Derek Van Den Berg, later 1974 rugby Springbok, a medical student whose father Mauritz, rugby Springbok in 1938, owned the old A1 Ice Cream factory in Paarden Island, playing rugby for Gardens with my father. Derek's brother Peter (known as "Sam") who surfed with us was also at Union and Harold Back of SACS, Harold later a patient of mine who died of Lymphoma in late 1980s.

Jackie and I continued at Gordons in spite of ragging from our Union mates when we were later both at SACS in town. Nothing phased Jackie, he just continued with his smile and gentle chuckle with these jibes.

We somehow seemed to maintain our status about 3rd team level at rugby, Jackie often the captain as photographs show. He had an ability at rugby not fully recognized, maybe if more of a showman or charismatic he would have achieved more. That was not his style. Quiet

comment rather than deep discussion *were* his style as we travelled on trains and buses to matches. One could epitomize him as the shy companion with no illusions, nor contentious nature. A very likeable man.

After school he apparently joined the SA Police but not with Berry, Beighton, Bain, Veater and our 1962 group and must not be confused with the Lieut. J Pretorius, also a SACS boy, who achieved his rank at the Police College when Peter Berry captained the Northern Tvl U 20 side and achieved his Leadership status, mentioned in the 1963 magazine. That other Pretorius maintained contact with John Ince and was the source of information on our classmates.

Jackie entered the Police later and achieved the rank of Warrant Officer. He was posted to Sea Point, the station was at Three Anchor Bay, below our house.

Suddenly about 1975 there was a newspaper report of Jackie's murder. The circumstances were horrific.

I was told he had taken his girlfriend out and stopped near the Killarney Motor track in the trees. At the time there was no development, the hotel then a couple of miles away, the Catholic College another mile from the site, the pig farm a long way off near the Malmesbury road, no lights, no people.

Reports said the two were brutally murdered.

I was mortified at the time and am still affected by what allegedly happened. It was a truly deserted stretch of road and again the futility, loss and waste of such a wonderful, modest man somehow will always haunt me.

Jeanniel Pierre Marais



b 2. 12 .1943---d 2007

Neil Marais I knew from early days at the old school. He was always mischievous and not far from visits to Boss' office.

A man unto himself, with his heavy Afrikaans intonation he revelled in quoting English sayings and snippets of poetry.

Introduced to alcohol at a very young age, his family owned Klipdrift, the famous Brandy farm and he was proud of his farming heritage, with the confidence of a much loved son.

Same rugby teams, our friendship really started at the Newlands school, where for years, he, his inseparable mate Tai Krige, Roger Beighton and I sat at the back of Doodles class, his zest for life undoubtedly playing its part intruding into his academic and later careers. He was a more than average artist and had a friendship with B "Jock" Dummer, so doodling in Doodles class was common and intriguing to watch. Rosedale was always resounding to the exploits of his group. In Std 8 he was in the Hockey 1st XI as well.

As years passed we saw each other outside of school because of his friendship with my friend Anton Ferreira (actress Nerina's son and Greatgrandson of OFS' President Steyn, Tai Krige's mother being actress Lydia Lindeque, ex-wife of his father, renowned poet Uys Krige, and acting colleague and friend of Nerina d. 2012). These three, Neil, Tai, Anton remained lifelong friends, Neil living with Anton in early 80s in Mellville, Johannesburg where Tai was heavily involved in film and TV.

In the 1970-80s we spent time and had some memorable weekends and trips together.

On a trip from Jo-burg he had rolled his Datsun SSS through a barbed wire fence and it immediately became known as "Die Tiger" from the stripes.....

He regaled us with the story of how he and Anton had dived into a thornbush in undeveloped (then) Masai Mara, derrieres in the air “neus innie grond soos ‘n Aardvark”, to avoid an irate maned lion.

On another one of these weekends we were travelling in my car to the Cedarberg/Citrusdal area to look at a farm Anton was contemplating purchasing. We stopped off to see his sister, living in a loft (Afr. “soldy”) in Mooreesburg when Neil related the story of his father’s demise which illustrated much of Neil’s personality, tolerance and humour.

Ironically the story involved mention of Doug Brown’s analysis of Hardy’s Bathsheba Everdene and the sergeant who used her—“all the fun’s in the chase” intoned Doug to us in 1961 and in 1981 Neil applied this to his father carrying his best case of his own produce to his mistress on the last step of the external staircase to her loft room. The current “nog ‘n enetjie” TV advertisement has nothing on the true story!

He had a heart attack on that last step—“BOONSTE trap van die SOLDY, IN ANTICIPATION, ja, *in anticipation*, just like Doug Brown told us, how I want to go”--- smiled Neil.

Tragically that was not to be. We went on to the farm where Neil, one of the best SACS shottists, potted at beer cans on a wall with my S&W 357, not missing.

Somehow we never really learned how he lost “Klipdrift”, why he struggled in later life financially and it is not relevant. He had his friends and a support system.

At the end he and his adult son Jacques were living together and his camaraderie with his only son was paramount.

How he died is another of life’s mysteries, the stories again inconsequent, sadly by his own hand, his own firearm, in his own study in Rondebosch about 5 years ago.

Neil had loved life, friends, food and of course good green plants and alcohol. The sweet smell from the bushes in Arniston at the house of Ben de Villiers in 1983 was totally intoxicating to passers by.

He became close to my late practice associate, car racer and motorcyclist, Alastair MacDonald and they enjoyed their status as senior single men with a taste for single malt and virtually anything else! Neil was affected by Alastair’s death, on his spectacular final motorcycle crash in 2003 with his girlfriend, and that of another, lady friend of Anton, Fran, whom he found drowned in the bath in Mellville after an epileptic fit in 1983, in the house the three shared.

After Neil died Anton looked after his son for several years with his Cardiac Surgeon wife, Susan Vosloo, in Green Point. A fondness pervades with all of us when we discuss the unique Neil.

He was a friend, a man who tried to smooth differences, who sought harmony, even between his other friends, because he always felt true friendship was something worth cherishing.

John Malcolm Nash



B 27. 1 1946 d

John Nash I realize on scanning his photograph was one with whom I spent quite a lot of time at school because he was always friendly and part of the cricket players I knew in my class, one of those who said "hello" when first passing in the morning and there was often a sit down chat in the quad or field verges.

He was a keen and accomplished cricketer, playing 1st XI when in Std 9 as did Ruthenberg, with those very competent in our Matric year—Kantor, Vogelmann, Bossenger, Mills.

He also played in the lower rugby teams with Howard Joffe and myself. Quiet and unassuming.

Sadly I do not know the circumstances of his death.

Jonathan Samuel Lurie



b 26. 7. 1946 d 13. 6. 1989

Jonathan Lurie was one of the original Sea Point group with whom I grew up and went to Mrs Inglesby' School, initially in Kings Road and later in the Holy Redeemer Church Hall in (then) Tramway Road. Ian Centner was with us and many others, Sturrock, grandson of Minister of Transport, tennis player Brian Anstey, cousin of SACS Ansteys, Anthony Longmore of Longmore clothing, Sea Point property owners and so many other well known families, Berzacks, Comaroff and Ginsbergs across Kloof Road.

Jonathan was just one of us, living in Queens Road which ran down to the old Sea Point Terminus where the Trackless Trams turned, their pantographs regularly jumping off wires overhead and replaced by conductors with long bamboo poles!

The family later moved to Fir Avenue, an S shaped road that joined Kloof Road and Brompton Avenue. It was a splendid grand house with huge palm trees and a large front garden, because Jonathan had been born to comfort, his father Joseph "Yank" Lurie being second generation of the original South West Africa (Namibia) Crayfishing export family. His sister, Ethel, recalls it originally being Lurie and Losper.

His father was also a SACS boy (1932 Matric) who was in my father's generation. Jonathan lost his father, aged 50, in Std 9 in 1962.

We spent many afternoons in that home as we had another friend, Anthony Longmore who lived two houses up in Brompton Avenue. We three were besotted with cars and at fourteen Tony was not averse to taking his father's pink/beige hardtop Impala Chev (the one with 3 lights each side at the back—just pre massive finned 1959) for a "jol", even to his sister in Begvliet clandestinely at night. We ran drag races against my father's Mercury and at 16 years I received my first fine for driving without a licence. Jonathan egged us on.....

The local area within two miles was peppered with SACS boys. Ginsbergs lived in another beautiful home c/o Kloof Road and Ave Disandt, Zuckermans across the road, Nyman in

Princess Avenue (Resnekovs around the corner), Centners in Ave Fresnoye and eventually Modlin in Ave Alexandra.

Lower down were the Krupps, Oppenheimer on Beach Road, Bylin nearby and so many others, including SACS icons, Dr Syd Kiel and Lawyer "CK" Friedlander, better known as the voice of SABC rugby broadcast but to me personally, "CK" was President of WP Athletics and Cycling Union and City Cycling Club.

Our parents and we all had dendritic connections surpassing any ethnic or social barriers. Jonathan was a part of this and, like all, there remained a bond when we met.

Mrs Maisie Lurie, like Lily Zuckerman and Ma Ginsberg was from my early childhood the archtypical, loving Jewish mother, giving all for her son's wellbeing, generous and not taking any nonsense but warm to her son's friends. Maisie, another who in spite of her comfortable life, was willing to be a worker seen at the face of every school or cause' fund raiser. Made up to the nines and unforgettable cameo of coiffed hair, perfect lipstick and understated accessories.

In 1960 Jonathan entered Michaelis House, sadly being there with late Colin Temple and Ian Meaker.

After school he inherited from his father but unfortunately had a penchant for Poker and Gambling. He always had good motorcars and for some years drove Lancia Flavia coupes, purchased from Ferrari and Lancia dealer, Harold Fredman.

The Fredman salesman was Harold Nagel, heavily involved in gambling but who had invested wisely in Durbanville smallholdings. He introduced Jonathan to a larger fraternity because Jonathan was not a very skilled gambler and many fortunes were made off his skills, by others. He had for some time a clothing business but it became common cause that he had lost most of his money.

I learned much as we built Sea Point Medical Centre in 1964/65, a large part of the top floor being let to a billiard club. One Night the Police Gambling and Liquor Unit came to fetch my father as they had been on the roof of the building taking infrared photographs of the major gambling operation in the "Billiard Parlour" and poor young Jonathan was there. A true "bust" where the risks were as great as any movie. The rest I learned years later from my Gynae friend Chaïem Katz and, as I also had a Lancia, knew Nagel and the Fredmans.

His first wife was Rene Lewis and they lived overseas for a short time.

He then married Noel Watney and entered a mixed period of success and heartache. We saw each other quite frequently at this time because they started the original Hard Rock Cafe in the former Nedbank suite on the site of the old RMS garage opposite the Pig and Whistle (much later bought by Bertie Chait's family). It was a shrewd move and with superb food, good live music and prime site, the business flourished. Jonathan worked physically

hard in that business and obviously we supported him. Sadly, allegedly because of spousal control, this marriage failed, but it did help him focus and curtail his gambling, the business being sold to Sharp, a wealthy young man whose hobby was big game hunting.

Jonathan's third marriage was to an English lady, Sue Falconer, and they had a son, Jonathan's first child, named after his father Joseph.

That birth was not without drama as after the waters broke young Joseph's haste to see his parents determined that his father was forced to deliver him in the car, virtually on the steps of Somerset Hospital. Joseph is now thirty and about to get married in Australia, January 2013.

Throughout his life Jonathan's passions were sports, his cars and gambling.

Jonathan and Sue moved to London. With his genetic cholesterol problems, to which he had a fatalistic approach, in spite of his thin ectomorphic frame he had a myocardial infarction and died there in 1989. Irvin Modlin who met Jonathan at Heathrow when passing through recalls being shown scans and angiograms, the evidence of an early pending future Coronary artery block quite clear and for once being short of a pertinent, relevant, comforting comment. It happens when we have unscheduled, informal "consultations" with close friends.

His body was returned to Cape Town for burial.

I have been fortunate to have looked after his younger sister, Ethel, as a patient during prolonged admissions and our reminiscences of Jonathan this week were extremely poignant, totally ingenuous and although acknowledging the flaws also respecting the kindness, almost cavalier generosity and loyalty.

There are several interesting observations with this piece on Jonathan as Mrs Inglesby' Kings Road house became too small for its pupil growth in the early fifties and there were only two other pre-primary schools in Sea Point, Mrs de Korte, near Centner's house and Upton Villa in Green Point Main Road. The School moved a block to the Holy Redeemer church c/o Kloof Road and Tramway Road and there Jonathan and I, with Tony Longmore were always taking part in school plays, our own playtime among the rockery behind.

Tramway Road had a Council depot and stables at the bottom, Sea Point having horse drawn refuse carts. It also meant that there were Cape Coloured families living in houses below Kings Road Junior School—when there after 1948 we were not allowed to walk past the "coloured" houses. In 1958 I recall riding my bicycle past and seeing black Fords with GG registration during forced removal of people who remained in their homes. A park was built blocking the road halfway and the upper part renamed in a futile attempt to expunge the memory of coloured people having lived amongst the elite whites.

On my way to this preschool early one morning there was a grey Studebaker wedged in the Zuckerman lounge, the entire front wall of the upper bedroom missing and lying on the car which had brake failure and careered down Ave Disandt, Ma Lily in a gown, wheezing as always, never to be seen so again! A Mrs Massimo had been the passenger, losing both legs, her husband later procured two plots between Ave Disandt and des Huguenot to ensure a level back entrance for her wheelchair.

It was ironic that when we were at SACS Newlands later, across Kloof road Mrs Ginsberg had a Studebaker Silver Hawk.

Jonathan Lurie was a man with Joie de Vivre, a risqué, colourful life, loving to his family and another SACS boy so much part of my young life that he will live in my mind for always.



Top: Lancia Flavia and Below: Sea Point Medical Centre (Glenn Albert's model Mini
in front — The architect also Albert)

Leonard Aaron Kantor



b 20. 10.1945 d 26. 12. 2007

Lennie Kantor was in most of the rugby teams I played, a stalwart in every sense of that hackneyed word. Probably He was far more skilled than masters gave him credit and as a back a fairly good runner, his ball skills carried over from his cricket acumen, which is a chapter of its own. A Blue for Cricket in Matric.

Lennie was so unassuming you could be fooled into not noticing him, that would be a major mistake. He was one of the "all four schools" SACS boys.

Because we spent time travelling to rugby matches and were both pretty gawky gymnasts, with others like Warwick often sitting by watching the stars, we had a certain friendship.

Lennie had the difficulty of following in the footsteps of a brilliant brother five years his senior, later a very young Economics Professor and V&A Waterfront director, sought opinion his forte.

In spite of this Lennie continued his quiet way, succeeding academically and obtaining a class medal at UCT. He had many friends and I have just learned from Mervyn Sacher they were cousins. Mervyn has yet to give anecdote and detail!

Why Lennie did not achieve more at representative cricket is a mystery to many of us. The family being of the Oranjezicht dispersion, they were friends of the Cheifitz' where Gynae Rob was also a cricketer of some ability and he and I often discuss Lennie and his achievements, Rob, like Ivan Nurick who lives in Deer Park Drive, remembering every detail of every major score.

To list these achievements is without purpose because there is only a superlative for each period that Lennie was a star, at school, solid and of the best but also a quiet companion in teams, after school amazing scores and ability to "dig out" a difficult situation-- First class cricket for 25 straight years. He deserved more recognition.

His father was also a successful businessman, A B Kantor, the family home was above, overlooking, Gardens rugby fields, the car when we were at Newlands was a 1959 Buick, black and covered in chrome, SACS boys filling it to capacity as it filtered onto de Waal drive each morning, egging father on to a “dice” with my Dad in his Mercury, as nobody cared about speed limits in those days, De Waal Drive still under construction with a narrow bridge where Woolsack is now. Wonderful times never to come again.

In 1960 with the paranoia of the “Swart Gevaar”, the township march to town and those of us who lay in the grass on Dean Street watching the Army trucks from Wynberg camp, our parents filled these huge American behemoths to take us home around Hout Bay, in those days a major journey!

For years I had a recurring dream of a narrowing road above a Glen on Table Mountain slopes with some few houses and no easy place to turn. There was a house with a large picture window in front, all with a pleasant connotation. A couple of years ago Debbie and I meandered around Oranjezicht after a Carlucci breakfast and found ourselves in that area where Babrows, Kantors and so many others lived.

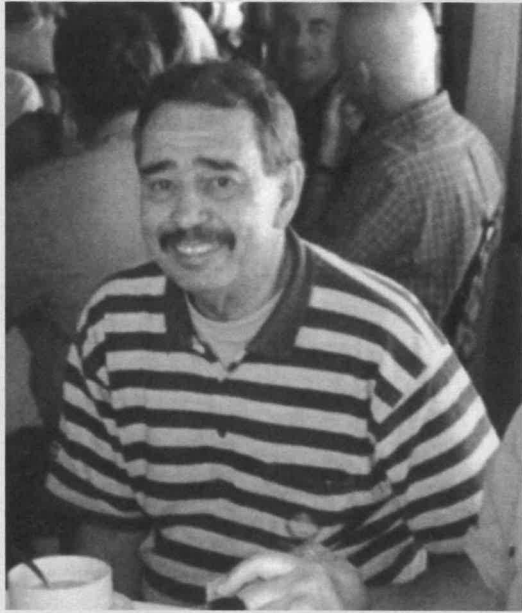
We then passed Kantor’s house, new townhouses on Gardens field bank and a little further were at the end of the road as it wandered up past Municipal houses and the Glen that is the upper reach of Deer Park. Deja vu, but so much more as I remembered a day with Eddie Lifson visiting Lennie and walking along and up that path, not traversed for nearly 50 years. Forget the school, we were all mates.

Lennie never married, living in a flat in Dover Road Sea Point for years, in an area where I lived on and off for all my young life, our house in Battery Crescent and my first flat in “Miramar” just above. His consuming interest was always cricket. He had a furniture business and bought and dabbled in properties as investment.

We managed some wonderful pictures of him at the 2002 reunion and my lasting memory is of Debbie and me walking him to his car at Suikerbossie.

His diabetes was consuming him, severe polyneuritis causing almost crippling pain and weakness in his legs, and he told me he had some renal failure. It was a privilege to have those few hours watching him happy with his friends and chatting to him, even assisting him as he stumbled on the rough stone path. Five years later I heard he had died, sadly no surprise as we had discussed the silent progressive disease that was his diabetes.

They were all good times with Lennie.



Lennie 2002

Lewis Jeffrey Kossew



b 12.4. 1946 d 7.12.2003

Lewis Kossew was another of those all too familiar around SACS because he was plainly a very pleasant guy. He started in town in 1959, participated in societies, always at Junior Debating Society meetings and in the early days, possibly a little respectful, often with a quiet compliment or opinion afterwards.

Sadly, he is one of those that there is no final detail to be found in class lists nor documents to hand, actually one of several in these accolades.

That is irrelevant because although I did not spend time with him after school hours we had the opportunity of spending time years later.

Like Arnie Kaganson he was a large fellow, totally amiable and eventually in the shoe business. He developed his childrens' stores, aptly named "Tiny Treads", main branch in Gardens Centre, with branches in Southern Suburbs. I supported him for years with my childrens' shoes and still have my son's first boots, probably as a memento of Lewis as much as my son!

(Gardens Centre--Chaits old hotel site, Noel Lipshitz, Jeff's cousin, with car dealership downstairs, even Hymie Slabbert with a video shop for a short while)

Many of us spent time at Gardens Centre' original Zerban's Cake Shop and Lewis and I would go for coffee there for a chat about old SACS experiences, business in general and state of the nation.

As time progressed like several others he became more obese and because of cardiac ischaemia then had trouble exercising and the cycle continued.

Eventually he was having crippling angina with low effort tolerance and minimal walking distance which led to his first of several admissions to City Park Hospital.

Angiograms, stents and eventually two bypass operations saw him a regular in ICU over about five years. I had rooms there and many patients in ICU besides Lewis so it was easy to spend intervals with him during his stays.

Eventually he succumbed to his cardiac failure but it was not without its relief as he was not happy with his dyspnoea and inability to get about.

A very likeable man, although in a different walk of life, without whom it would have been a gap not to have known him.



Richard J E Cooke in his 3rd pair of "Tiny Tread" boots



First two pairs from "Tiny Treads"

Michael Edward Bond



B 30. 5.1945 d August 1966

Michael Bond, one of the class' two Rhodes scholars, was anathema to so many, somehow in "quad quips", p 81, of the June 1962 magazine the comment "what Bond as an impartial outsider thinks of the human race" slipped through any censorship, or was it deliberately left?

Michael was very much part of the human race, its ultimate frailties, confusion, intensity and need to be part of a bigger community.

Perceived by many at school to maintain an arrogance, alas also myself, as later I discovered and this week Howard reminded me, it was only an aloofness, now understood as probably because of a difficulty in sharing, insecurity in what others truly assessed.

He was a part of our lives, another intellectual, rather than simply intelligent, he was one who explored and honestly debated existentialism, agnosticism, including the thoughts of Philosophers like Emmanuel Kant, whose skull/brain size was featured in a book on Philosophers in the original library next to the Newlands Biology room.

Michael lived with his mother in Gardens, another of the single mother brigade, realizing the immediacy of early achievement because of a sense of responsibility to relieve the sacrifices at home. This I learned later during lunches on the UCT Jamieson Hall steps where we both ate sandwiches without the finances to spend freely in the UCT Union. Mike Gersholowitz occasionally joined us as he was repeating first year and then in my Medical school class.

At school Michael and I had fierce debate on most matters, he with a formidable intellect and confrontational, so that baiting him was always rewarded with some masterful reply

and always insightful if not necessarily the factual truth. Retrospectively these arguments were actively goaded to enter into this unique individual's mind and thought process.

In later years when at University he understood that schoolboy antics were past so that then a rational discussion and friendship developed. It was the second year for Michael as he had not entered the Military, holding a British Passport and his intention to move overseas quite ingenuous. His feeling was that South Africa was stifling, possibly a deeper reason, and at that time I felt he sought freedom from his situation and responsibility at home—identifying with so many of us.

Our conversations then developed into those of the future of our country, Michael having no major political nor liberation feelings he was concerned that I had joined the Students Civic Society, chaired in 1964 by Spike de Keller, just before his arrest. He was at UCT to study but always another bent on everything and surprisingly concerned for me, with what he believed wise advice.

At school he had played Hockey so no chance to develop any camaraderie then but at University there was time, freedom and as SACS boys there was always a bond when we met, whether in name or contact. I had a new respect for him at a personal level, as did so many others.

He did extremely well at UCT with a B.Sc. with Distinction in 1965, nine first class passes and Distinction in Physics, editor of Thesaurus magazine and continued his interest in Mountaineering, being a member of the SA Mountain Club Search and Rescue team. He was accepted into Balliol College Oxford, intending to start Civil Engineering in October 1965.

There was the usual Photograph and accolade in the June 1966 SACS magazine.

In December the Magazine had a terse: "Michael Bond, who was due to go up to Oxford this year as a Rhodes Scholar, died suddenly in London during August". This was just below the paragraph on late Laurie Karstadt, boxing coach, five pages before the picture and accolade to our Tony Swil, achieving the same Scholarship only six months later, the accolade as effluvious as that to Michael in June, the Bond obituary so parsimonious in human feeling.

To me Michael's death report in the media was far more touching: Even before Oxford he had driven his Aunt's small car into Epsom Forest, attached a hose to the exhaust and Carbon Monoxide was the cause of this greatest loss to the rest of the human race and those to come, stifling his cellular mitochondria and reducing his blood oxygen forever.

It was a torrid month for South Africa, that in which architect of misery, Hendrik Verwoerd was assassinated in Parliament by the Schizophrenic messenger, Dimitri Tsafendas.

Poor Michael, from what he told me and others, was fixed on his studies, no time for any female relationships and many of us, inaccurate amateur psychologists (it was a subject for us in third year Medicine that year) speculated on the reasons, from his tiredness at so

much work to a separation anxiety so far from home and his mother, none really answering the questions.

There were parallels to the death of Glenn Alberts the previous year, car, forest and CO poisoning but one disclosed to me by John Ince those years later was far more ominous and disturbing.

During theatre lists, a doctor, rugby playing friend, alleged how he had chased a teacher out of his tent at knifepoint on a school trip and a few years later in 2002, as in the case of Glenn, John alleged that Michael was also molested at school and this was a major part of his camouflaged deep depression.

Michael did not know what had happened to so many others and that he was not alone, John was sworn to secrecy and he privately believed that the problem had been coped with until it was too late.

A brilliant mind, snuffed out at the brink of his unfulfilled achievement. No accolade here could ever realize the potential heights this young mountaineer could/would have accomplished. He was only 21 years old.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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S.A.C.S. RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

MICHAEL BOND is our most recently elected Rhodes Scholar. After matriculating in the first class in 1962, he went on to the U.C.T., and last year gained the B.Sc. with distinction. He obtained nine first-class passes in his three years and won distinction in Physics.

While at school Bond was a prefect and a member of the Hockey 1st XI. He is a keen mountaineer and photographer, and is a member of the search and rescue division of the Mountain Club of South Africa. For the past two years he has been one of the editors of *Thesaurus*, a student magazine.

Bond had the honour of being accepted by Balliol, perhaps the most famous of Oxford's colleges, and goes up in October. He intends to study civil engineering and we wish him happiness and success in his years at Oxford.

R.W.



MICHAEL BOND, B.Sc. (1962)
Rhodes Scholar 1962

Norman Jeffrey Schutz



b 26. 9. 1945 d 20.8. 1990

Norman Schutz was a quiet, private man who enjoyed a good party. An understated, deceptive personality he travelled with us occasionally to "the other side of the mountain".

We were often in the green Mercedes 219 Ponton driven by Schrire's driver who had trouble convincing us that driving was boring. Norman opened up after school hours, almost a complete change his laugh became almost a giggle as he enjoyed any fatuous humour, his own pertinent comments causing much mirth.

He was liked by all and at university we passed each other with conversations and a very few meetings in the UCT Union.

He is best summed up by his loving widow, now in Australia, Peta's comments:

THOUGHTS ON NORMAN SCHUTZ

Norman was the younger of 2 children. His sister was much older. His parents were German Jewish migrants who arrived in Cape Town in 1936.

After SACHS he went to the army and they were happy to see the back of him as he kept shooting at the wrong targets. He returned and enrolled at UCT and completed a double degree in commerce and arts. While there he gained a reputation for an outlandish dress sense, which was ahead of its time. He met Peta on the train to Habonim seminar when he was 17 and she was entranced by his exuberant personality and sharp wit. When they married they only had 450 rand between them of which they spent 400 on a record player. They had so little money that they made their own furniture. One night after painting them he shook out the paint in the rain off the balcony. The next morning the neighbours arrived and were somewhat unhappy about the state of their windscreens.

Norman took over the family clothing business Cashworths. He used his energy, creativity and intelligence to turn it into a successful enterprise. He was also passionate about social justice and in his work advanced the careers of the disadvantaged. He and Peta were thrilled to have 2 children, a daughter Bronwyn and a son Gregor. He was a devoted father and loved creating adventures for the kids and exposing them to music, culture and travel. His kids' friends were enthralled by his crazy

clothing and glasses and passion for life. His fond memories of SAHCS led to his 40th birthday having a back to school theme. He passed away at 44.

It was a shock to learn of his sudden death as he was a man with a definite love for a good party and friends. He loved SACS and it did not bother him that he was neither a prefect nor one of our esteemed sportsmen. He was plainly a man who attended his tasks in life, academically and in business for his family.

Later He too lived in his adult life in that Square Mile so filled with SACS boys ,mentioned in the Lurie accolade, in Clarens Road, Sea Point.

Howard Joffe has referred to his affiliation to Norman which is only another comment on how connected we all are. He writes:

My memory of the flamboyant Norman is vivid. He was such an effervescent character. He bubbled with enthusiasm, energy and with vitality. Norman was small in stature but huge in intellect. He appeared larger than life yet was very real. He enjoyed life. Adjectives are not suffice to describe his personality. Norman was not just another guy. He had a twinkle in his eye and would respond warmly and with a glowing smile when called Schutzee. We are poorer for not having this gay, colourful and jovial individual with us anymore.

One thing I could not make out about Norman that whereas he did not want to be the centre of attraction when at school, privately and later in life he would stand out by wearing red trousers marching to the beat of his own drum. A lovable person if ever there was one.



Norman loved SACS so much he organized his 40th with a school theme, wearing his old school accoutrement with Pride and Peta!

Patrick Wynne van der Spuy



b 23.9.1943 d about 2010

Patrick “Kid” van der Spuy was another of the leading sportsmen of our years. A senior rugby player for several years he joined us from a higher standard in Std 8.

It was as an athlete that he excelled. He spent several years training in his attempts to break his father’s mile record of over 30 years. In this quest we first saw a father push his son to the limit, straining their relationship and no doubt having lifelong repercussions. Patrick did not need to prove anything to himself, he was extremely popular both as a boarder and a sportsman. Another not given to boast, he was very comfortable within himself.

When he joined our class in Std 8 he was already an established sportsman at school, and immediately fitted in.

Lindsay van der Spuy could easily have destroyed his son, his disappointment in what he considered a lack of dedication and fortitude permeating his psyche for years. Lindsay was an anaesthetist of the old school, registered when those who through practising for years could become specialists.

As time passed I got to know him quite well as he anesthetized for several close friends’ fathers who had been in Cape Town for over 20 years by the late 1960s. We sat together at meetings every Saturday and OBU and Anaesthetic Society dinners.

Patrick lived for sport, over years left Cape Town, eventually in 1967 to establish himself in East London. One can be forgiven for thinking of him as a spiritual kin to Colin Proctor, a superb rugby player finishing school at a senior age and achieving in business successfully at the end.

Patrick went to the SA Navy Gymnasium with several of us but remained in Saldanha Bay when Ian Centner, Noel Mills and I went Gordon’s Bay. Sisters and women swooned over him, in memory still today!

Patrick shrewdly developed a plastics processing plant in the Eastern Cape after finding a way to recycle and sell all forms of plastic. This business grew until Patrick died about two years ago.

He developed Carcinoma of the Colon, according to friends in East London, extremely brave at the end, which is what one would have expected of Patrick.

His parents moved to Gordon's Bay where Lindsay died some years ago, fortunately not having to suffer Patrick's last illness, having had the tragedy of his daughter's loss, developing a Gynaecological carcinoma at a young age which spread rapidly, contrary to the norm for a tumour that is considered by many to be no more than an inconvenience.

One looks at the pictures of "Kid" van der Spuy and remembers the hours of work to make him a golden boy in the eyes of the Rosedale boarders and a respected fellow pupil to most, at the end that is worth more than all the unsuccessful attempts at a mile record.

With his personal success, including a flying licence, he was instrumental at the 1992 reunion of encouraging the rest of us to contribute to a benevolent pupils fund he and Warwick Bastard had mooted.



P. van der Spuy winning the mile for the second year. His father won the same race in 1931 and 1932.

Photo: M. ROY

Peter Reso

b 1945 d 2010

Peter Reso joined us in Std 6. In B1 he sat immediately behind me with David Jones in front next to the door.

Both left during 1960, Jones for Australia and Reso to Johannesburg.

Peter was a fellow of high intelligence, also an artist of note, his ambition to become an architect and his rendition of sketch and detail drawings were exquisite, gaining praise from low cut Miss Wille, the part-time art teacher in Std 7, who had a habit of leaning far forward when discussing work or laying out her rolled sheets of art prints.

It was all wasted on Peter, uninterested in such frippery of craning his neck like the rest of us.

He later apparently did pursue his ambition of architecture, losing touch with us all.

He tolerated all the ribbing and nasal rendition of his surname by those thinking themselves more macho—puerile at best—until one day he had tolerated enough and used his considerable weight behind a punch to one of the more belligerent of us. There was no more provocation.

I enjoyed his serious application to his drawings because by then I was following my father's property development and had learned of my own great grandfather's status as a Cape Town architect. We could communicate, which he appreciated.

There was a very respectful, loving and affectionate obituary note from his partner in the Cape Times two years ago.

Piet Verster



B 1944 d 1990's

Piet Verster was another who joined us in Std 8, this time from Rondebosch Boys High School. He came with a considerable reputation as an athlete and Rugby player.

These Kudos were not without substance as he was soon a wing in A Teams and winning Sprinting races with relative ease.

He had serious competition from Brain Chedburn and others but in 1962 he played first team rugby and received a Blue for Athletics, Syd Kiel Cup for Hurdling and Centner Medal. He received Bronze for 100yds and 220 yds. He also won Traingular races against his old school for SACS.

He did not complete Matric.

Piet's father was the well known SACS Old Boy "Dokkie" Verster and an icon in the meat trade, as was Sakkie Meeuwsen's father (brother-in-law of Johan Pepler's deceased father, whose name the firm carried) who after the death of Pepler admirably honoured the care and share of income with their families.

Verster Senior and Meeuwsen were reputedly instrumental in the floating of National Meat.

My father was on the OBU Committee with "Dokkie" who had a fiercesome reputation for alcohol consumption but respected for his profound business decisions. Piet, like his father enjoyed the company of some of the more potent imbibers at Kelvin and was present the night the late Gugs Bekker was planted by Senior Anaesthetist, John Bam, in Kelvin pub for refusing to move his car.

It was one of the few discussions I ever had with Piet after school.

Like "Dokkie", his metabolism suffered from his social life and he died rather young.

GRIMNESS DOES IT?



P. Verster ("Dokkie's" son) winning the 220 yards.

Photo: M. Roy

Roy Neethling



B 8. 11. 1944 d about 1990

Roy Neethling was simply Roy, his single, unadorned minimalist name like his personality, giving no clue to his considerable depth and intellect. His bilateral ptosis made him appear quite dozy.

Always to be seen at breaktime, waxpaper wrapped sandwiches in hand, sitting quietly in a shady spot, eyes always screwed against the harsh light while all and sundry stopped to discuss any problem with him, Roy was always willing to explain. There are the inevitable, tedious comparisons with Andre Meyerowitz, both of considerable bulk, neither of any great sporting ability and neither with anything to prove, the prize lists always biased in their favour. They were very different people in spite of the similarities. Ironically in Matric, Andre not appearing for a prize at all, both were eclipsed by the burgeoning achievements of Michael Bond and Basil Joffe, who went on to further great academic achievement.

Roy was a far more introspective individual than most of us, even an irritating shyness. In Std 8 and Matric he sat immediately in front of me against the blackboard as I was slowly losing any interest in academic achievement after several head injuries and aggravation with teachers, so poor Roy was totally tolerant of someone who found it amusing when the desk top bumped him on the head as he sat askew, trying to fit his large frame in the poky desk. He listened to my plans for my cycle racing, my puns and general whacky humour which at least he understood, although it passed several degrees north of the brows of Hawkes and later Doug Brown. Roy always had good humour, always a salient, encouraging view, although not Jewish, more than any he was a *Mensch*.

Although we walked together, sitting near for two years, I hardly knew him, not where he lived, what his family did, nor where he spent his holidays. Today I have a deep guilt, knowing so much about so many and yet so little about this quiet unassuming man also with whom I passed through Medical School in the same years.

He had the usual army balloted training after school and went to UCT with us in 1964.

Somehow Roy got by at Medical School, above average grades but never displaying the intellect which was almost legendary at school, no eccentricities, a bland Ford Anglia slope back throughout, he chose not to involve himself in the very risqué partying, politics and hectic socializing that was a Medical student's lot in the freedoms rapidly enveloping the 1960s. Occasionally he attended the late night parties in the flat we used in Foxlee Court, Observatory Main Road but not much else.

He did not even have prime professorial jobs as an intern, content as he had been with his life in whatever situation. At last in final year in 1969 he met an English nursing sister and became a dormant plant opening to full bloom. He started attending what were by then quite wild evenings, single ale in hand and laughing with that formerly rare chuckle more prevalent as he closed his ptotic left eye. He became even more casual in his approach to life.

Roy did not specialize, married not long after qualifying and like several of our Medical classmates went off to Pietermaritzburg and the hospitals there, apparently entering General Practice.

Always unexercising, to the point of indolence, smoking, he refused to listen to those of us obsessed with physical activity and fitness, slowly increasing his girth as a young man with an inevitable conclusion. Those days of no statin drugs and minimal treatment and understanding of acute cardiac syndromes could only lead to a fatal Infarct. Sadly several of us were on the brink of being involved not only in the reparative treatment of stroke and cardiac disease but also its prevention.

After a couple of years in Pietermaritzburg, a family and all that entails, Roy also had a Myocardial Infarction in the late 1980s.

Selwyn Rishon Kagan



b 1945 d 26. 12. 2007

Selwyn Kagan was one of so many in our classes whose family owned a large apparel business. In their case it was the well known PALS garment manufacturing factory, mainly trousers, supplying uniforms and flannels for all situations, particularly schools--a very successful operation, the home comfortable but lacking any unnecessary adornment or opulence. Such a background made for a very grounded pleasant fellow in Selwyn.

He is another I cannot find in the 1962-3 class lists, nor Matric results.

He lived in Battery Crescent, just off Glengariff road Three Anchor Bay, the house looking across the road onto parts of the old Sea Point Battery, concrete steps outside, some going down to underground basements, previously shell magazines. We owned a company house at the opposite end of this road, the garden built over the West gun emplacement and we refurbished, moving in there in 1964 when Selwyn was finished school. (Our house is today "Huis Haerlem" a large Guest House)

Selwyn's parents continued living there, his mother after his father died and Selwyn took over the business. While we lived there I was training on my bicycle, the steep hills giving great strength for sprinting and Selwyn displayed an interest as I rode past their house but he did not take up riding because the hills were intimidating for a neophyte.

When he moved to Constantia, quite late he became committed to cycling, using his bicycle as transport to work as others would use their car, a journey of many kilometres in heavy commercial traffic, and became extremely fit.

His home then was a block from Arnie Kaganson, at 28 Hermina Avenue, the area not fully developed and I had moved into a house two blocks away in 1980 so we saw each other often. Selwyn remained the quiet, unassuming man he had always been and to see him, almost skeletally fit, riding his bicycle was quite inspiring because he was obviously getting great pleasure, not formerly an athlete.

Selwyn's mother was a chic lady of beauty and style and there was a rider to this association in 1979 when I was anaesthetizing for the transplant cardiac surgeons at Groote Schuur Hospital. Dr Alan Wolpowitz had asked me to join him emigrating to the USA and I went for dinner at his home near the Claremont Shul. There was Mrs Kagan as smart in a blue suit as I remembered, and I realized she was an aunt. It was a great pleasure seeing her again, a former SACS Tuck Shop mother in spite of her comfortable situation.

Taking her home through town that night she was extremely proud as she discussed Selwyn, his success and ability in the business. It was the last time I saw her.

Selwyn was always relaxed, being allowed to enter the family business as trainee, one of those few who continued the success because of extremely hard work, good advice and family support.

We sat together at the 2002 reunion breakfast and he was still the friendly humble man I had always known.

A couple of years later I heard he had developed a tumour and died not long after. Another whom one will not forget because he was so easy to have as a companion.

Howard Joffe writes:

Selwyn was a quiet and modest chap. Unassuming. He knew his limitations.

He worked for his father and uncle at Pals Clothing in Salt River.

He took instructions from the family knowing that he was being groomed to run the family business.

His love for cycling was developed later in life.

The custom amongst Jews upon becoming very ill, is to have a first- name change.

I was at The Great Synagogue at The Gardens on the Saturday he received his new (Hebrew) name.

The usual brocha (gathering for a light meal) was held after the normal Saturday morning service.

Selwyn could hardly stand. He was visibly ill - pale and dizzy.

I went up to him to shake his hand and to steady his swaying by placing an arm around his back in a way not to embarrass him.

I offered him a chair which he declined. Selwyn did not like the spotlight on him.

He smiled wanly and thanked me saying some inane words of gratitude. Words and thanks were not necessary - and we both knew this.

Whilst at high school at SACS, two fellows were seen by me as potential business adversaries - Selwyn Kagan and Stephen Dibowitz.

My dream was to go into my father's trouser business and give these two fellows a run for their money.

Life had other plans.

IN CONCLUSION

3 quotes from The Prophet that I would like to mention here are:

1. on giving – you give but little when you give of your possessions. When you give of yourself is when you truly give.
2. pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses (our) understanding.
3. Let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit.

Source: The Prophet –Khalil Gibran

REQUEST

You have read this journal and will have formed an opinion as to what should be included (or excluded) in the booklet and programme for our 60th reunion.

Please email these comments to Ian Centner on icy@iafrica.com with a copy to Richard Cooke on richardcookepri@telkomsa.net.

Please send other comments to howardjoffe@iafrica.com with a copy to Iain Bain on ibain@mweb.co.za

We thank you for your expected reply – feedback appreciated.

SACS

Rhodes Memorial, Rhodes scholars

